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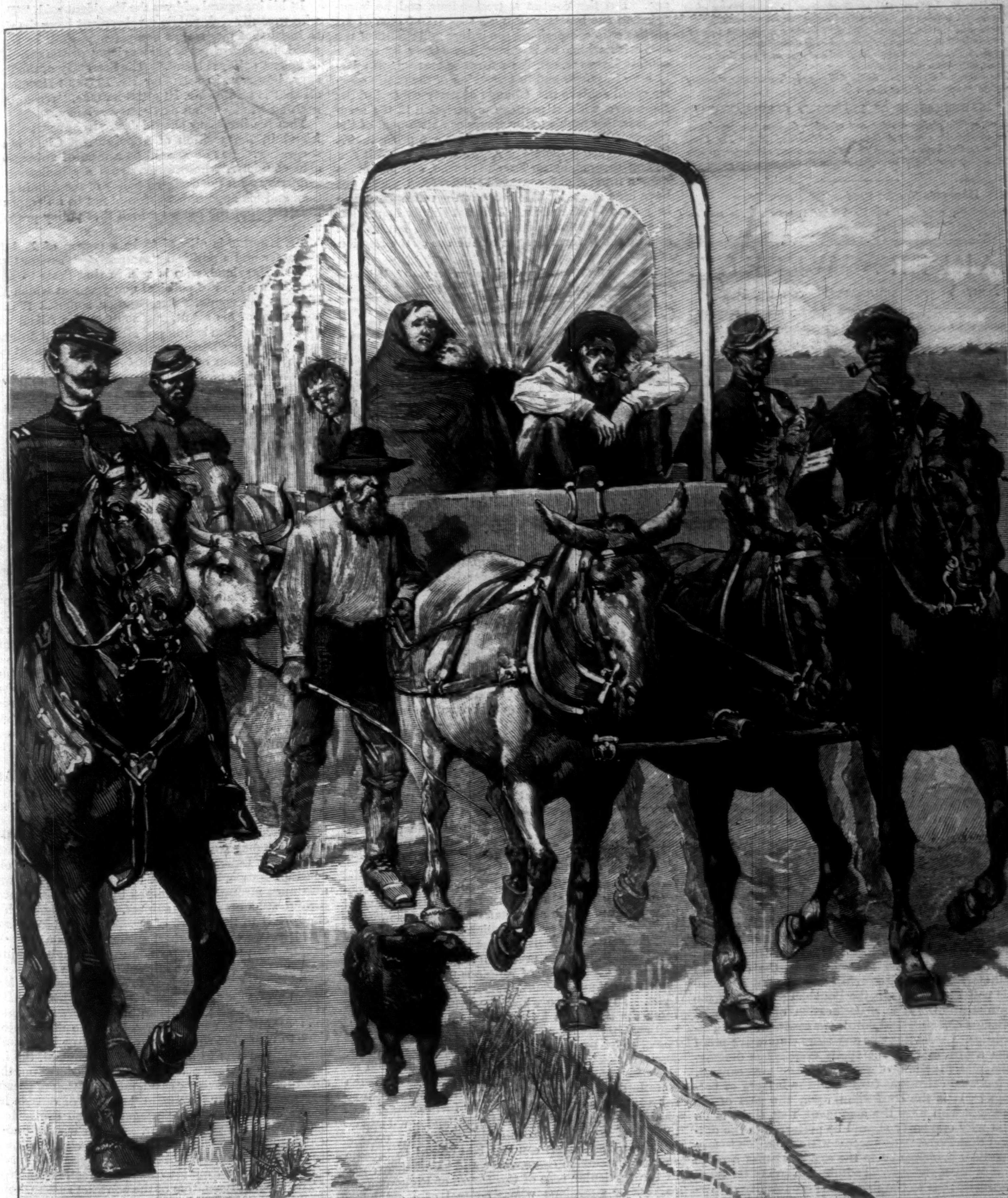

EJECTING AN "OKLAHOMA BOOMER."—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from a Sketch by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 199.]

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1882, 1883, *and* 1884. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.*

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

Number 282, issued March 24, opens with a story by that popular writer Mrs. W. J. Hays, *with an illustration. Jimmy Brown gives us the benefit of his wise and original reflections on "Ghosts."*

"Odd Fish in the Vegetable World" is the appropriate title of an article by Mrs. Herrick, *illustrated with drawings by the author. "Egg-shell Fancies" are some ideas of a simple and practical character in anticipation of Easter.*

The principal illustration is the full-page by Thulstrup, *showing a part of the procession at the*

"INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND,"

with an article giving a retrospect of other famous inaugurations. Other illustrations are "A Solo on de 'Corjun," and "The Lady and the Ladle," both of which are of a humorous character, as also is "A Newspaper Puff," one of Howard Pyle's *amusing pages.*

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A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage stamps.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, March 28, 1885

THE CONTEST.

THE contest which has begun at Washington is one of the most important in the history of American administrations. Its result will go far to determine how soon the control of the government shall be restored to the people from the hands of professional and mercenary politicians, where the spoils system places it, and how soon a general election shall become again, what it should be in every free country, a fair contest between parties representing different policies, instead of a fierce and desperate struggle between two huge factions standing for no distinctive measures or purpose, and merely grasping at the enormous emoluments of the public service. The consequences of this latter system in degrading the service, in fanning party spirit to fury, in corrupting politics, in obstructing the public business, and in promoting fraud, extravagance, and recklessness, are familiar to every intelligent American, and it is the clear perception of them which has compelled the passage of the reform act, and has forced even the most unscrupulous politicians to profess an interest in reform. The Administration may count upon the hearty sympathy and support of the most enlightened sentiment in the country in all determined efforts for reform. But it will encounter the most resolute opposition from the Bourbons of its own party, who demand every place in the civil service as a right, without regard to the efficiency and fitness of the incumbent, and equal hostility from the Bourbons of the Republican party, who have quietly acquiesced in Republican infidelity to the principles of reform, and who will sneer and gibe at any Democratic effort to secure it.

The position taken by the Democratic opponents of reform is perfectly open and frank. If the Democratic President, they say, wishes to see his party overwhelmingly defeated at the first election that follows his inauguration, let him undertake reform. The President, they say, and two of his Secretaries are from New York, and in New York the election of next autumn will be the most important ever held, as it involves all the State officers. If the Administration wishes to see New York lost, let it renew the appointment of a Republican Postmaster in the city, and nominate for the Collectorship any one but a Democratic politician. This is the Bourbon defiance of the Administration. It is a declaration of what small politicians call practical politics as against sentimental politics. Could there be any more conclusive proof of the assertion that the spoils system has destroyed the real function of parties in the government, and has made elections turn upon the bribery of patronage? It is the confession upon the part of the Democrats who urge the argument, that there is no reason why one party should be preferred to the other, and that Democratic success will not be due to any Democratic principle or to the expectation of a more honest or more economical administration of the State government, but to the unscrupulous activity of party runners and bummers and "boys" paid by public money distributed by a Democratic Administration. This is the exact meaning of the demand that the Administration shall not surrender to visionary reformers, and of the threat that its eyes will be suddenly opened if it does.

The contest was inevitable, and it will continue until the victory of reform is won. The intelligent people of the United States have shown that they have had enough of pulling the government to pieces in every detail at every election. One of the worst results of such absurd folly is that, rather than take the risk of it, the people would retain a party administration which otherwise they would change. One of the strongest influences in recent campaigns has been the conviction of the infinite confusion and trouble and danger to the public interest that would follow a general tipping of the whole public service topsy-turvy, and filling every place with green and inexperienced men. It is another signal illustration of the manner in which the spoils system tends to defeat the very object of elections, which is to choose between party policies. In the present conflict the President has strong convictions and plenty of courage. But the contest is tremendous, and he is entitled to the hearty and open support of men of all parties who comprehend the nature and results of the evil with which he is struggling. Only by such a contest, however, can the reform be secured. No party long in power and in possession of the entire service could achieve it. Change of party control of the Executive, without partisan proscription in the service, is indispensable to the secure establishment of the reformed system, because that alone can prove that it is an accepted principle of administration, and it can be best secured by an Executive who, except for his known interest and courage in the reform, would not have been elected. The scope of the reform is not to be judged by its details. It is not simply a question of a hundred thousand public employés, but, as was said by the Reform League on the eve of the election of 1882,

> "it proposes the restoration of political parties to their legitimate function as organized agencies of the popular will, the overthrow of government by patronage, the emancipation of the suffrage and of the press from a corrupt personal servility, the elevation of the standards of public character and service; and it proposes to accomplish these results by means which will place the transaction of the public business upon a business basis, open the public service to all the people, restore the self-respect of the public agents, and promote, as nothing else can promote, the cause of popular education."

That is civil service reform, and that is what the American people propose to secure, as certainly as they proposed thirty years ago to establish an anti-slavery national policy.

FREEDOM OF WORSHIP.

THE argument for the bill called the Freedom of Worship Bill, which is aimed at the House of Refuge, is based wholly upon the guarantee of the State Constitution: "The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall forever be allowed in this State to all mankind." The inference drawn from this guarantee by the advocates of the bill is that every inmate of a State institution, penal or reformatory or charitable, may require the State to furnish such paraphernalia as he may declare to be necessary to the free exercise and enjoyment of his religious profession and worship. It holds that if a pagan convict says that he can not worship freely without the sacrifice of goats and sheep and oxen, he may justly plead that his constitutional rights are denied to him if the animals are not furnished.

This would be so manifestly destructive of all order and discipline in public institutions that it is obviously not a fair construction of the guarantee. Its fair interpretation is the equal security under the laws of every religious profession, and the prohibition of compulsory sectarian forms of worship in public institutions. The trouble with the Roman Catholic claim is that while our whole polity is non-sectarian, the Roman Church is absolutely sectarian, and not admitting that under a non-sectarian government public institutions must necessarily be neutral ground, from which all sectarian influences must be excluded, it insists that all which is not distinctively and actively Catholic is godless and to be condemned. It is impossible practically to permit the professors of every form of religious faith to carry out their distinct and various preferences in public institutions. In the schools and the prisons and the asylums the State can know neither Jew nor Gentile, neither Catholic nor Protestant nor pagan. Its first object must be necessary and wholesome discipline. For the sick and the dying it will provide such religious comfort as they may desire. But even such consolation can not be suffered to transcend necessary restraint. For the living it will furnish such religious instruction as is not sectarian, and equal opportunities of non-sectarian worship.

Public institutions can not be allowed to become arenas of sectarian controversy and proselytism; nor in the particular case of the House of Refuge ought parents or guardians whose control of a child has ceased by the conviction and imprisonment of the child for crime to be allowed to choose for him a sectarian form of worship, and impose it both upon the child and the public institution during the term of his imprisonment. The bill which is now before the Legislature requires the managers of every institution for the reformation of juvenile delinquents to afford all proper facilities for the religious services of the denomination to which the child or his parents or guardians belong "to be had according to its rules and discipline." This would subject the discipline and moral direction of such institutions to the interference of those who are not subordinated to the control of the representatives of the State, who are by law responsible for that control. No inmate of a public institution has any rights as a Jew, a pagan, or a Christian, as a Baptist, a Presbyterian, a Shaker, a Campbellite, or a Roman Catholic. But he has the right to worship as he, not as somebody for him, prefers, so far as the form of the worship is compatible with the proper discipline of the institution.

A SERIOUS MATTER.

IN his inaugural address the President said, "Those who worthily seek public employment have the right to insist that merit, that competency, shall be recognized, instead of party subserviency or the surrender of honest political belief." The Secretary of the Treasury, however, in selecting Mr. Eugene Higgins, if all that is said of Mr. Higgins be true, "recognized" nothing whatever but party subserviency.

That the Secretary should desire to have a political friend in the position of Appointment Clerk is not surprising. But he should be a man of unimpeachable character, whose antecedents are indicative of sympathy with the declared policy of the Administration, and his appointment should not be an emphatic illustration of the abuses which that policy proposes to correct.

Mr. Higgins is alleged to be a person of doubtful character and a political "runner" for Senator Gorman, of Maryland, who is said in that State to have risen by the kind of political management which Mr. Higgins represents. The Senator solicited the appointment of his agent, and so secured a friend who could apprise him betimes of all chances of patronage in the Treasury Department. The appointment is a distinct violation of the principles to which the Administration is pledged. There is, indeed, no pledge that Republicans shall be appointed or that they shall be retained. But the merit and competency to which the President alluded are not merit and competency in party work, but for the public service.

CONVICT LABOR.

THE Legislature is confronted with the prospect of a very large increase in the cost of maintaining the prisons, owing to the repeal of the contract system of labor. Mr. Baker, the Superintendent of State-prisons, who was earnestly opposed to the repeal, and would gladly see the contract system restored, states in a special report that the regular annual appropriation for the maintenance and support of the prisons for several years has been from $450,000 to $475,000. The estimated expense for the year 1885, in excess of the amount appropriated in 1883, is $730,000—a sum which may be reduced by an unexpended balance of last year's appropriation to about $650,000. The sum required for next year Mr. Baker estimates at $1,450,000, and in two years, when all the prisoners shall be employed on State account, the yearly appropriation will be $2,500,000, part of which will represent the plant, and the total of which would be reduced by the amount received from the sale of products.

This prospect of greatly increased expense has led to a decided expression of regret that the contract system was abolished, and to a strong statement that the vote was not a fair expression of public opinion, but was due to the efforts of Labor Unions and the folly of demagogues. But while, for reasons of their own, many Labor Unions urged the repeal of the old contract system, it must not be forgotten that it was also most strongly condemned by some of the most careful students of the subject. It was thoroughly considered in the report of Dr. Wines and Professor Dwight, two of the highest authorities upon the subject, in 1867, and they pronounced strongly against it. The general reasons alleged by them were repeated in the discussion before the late repeal, and Mr. Brockway, of the Elmira Reformatory, who, after Dr. Wines, is perhaps the chief authority, warmly favored the repeal of the contract system. The main objections to it are the subversion of discipline by submitting the convicts to an irresponsible control, the injury to school instruction and moral education, the subordination of every consideration to that of pecuniary profit, and the constant jealousy of outside laborers of the unfair advantages of rich contractors with low-priced prison labor. It is a system under which the reformation of the convict ceases to be a leading consideration, and the main object of the management of the prisons is to make them self-sustaining.

The proper alternative of the contract system, however, is not the State account system, upon which Mr. Baker's estimates are founded, but the piece-price system. The difference between them is that under the first the State owns the whole plant and sells the product, while under the second it contracts to receive stock from the outside, and to deliver the product at a fixed price, thus avoiding the expense of the plant, and retaining the complete control of the labor. This has been found to be an admirable system at Elmira, and it ought to be fairly tried in the prisons before a return to the contract system is held to be the only alternative. It is natural for those who wish to return to the contract plan to insist that the State account system is the only alternative. But it is not. The object of penal laws is twofold, the restraint and the reformation of the offender, and both objects, of course, are for the benefit of society. These objects should be accomplished with the utmost economy which is compatible with attaining them. But important as wholly self-supporting prisons may be, it is plain that they may be obtained at too high a price, and much better than hasty and impulsive legislation upon the subject would be a careful investigation of it and a full report upon it by acknowledged experts and authorities.

AN OUTRAGE UPON THE INDIANS.

The Indian Rights Association have just exposed what seems to be a great wrong to the Sioux Indians by a hasty and practically a secret executive order at the close of the late administration. The facts, as stated, are that two years ago Secretary Teller attempted to negotiate with the Sioux in Dakota for a reduction of their reservation. The negotiation failed, although the agents were instructed by the Secretary to disregard a provision of the treaty of 1868, under which the bounds of the reservation were established. Upon the failure of the negotiation a committee of the Senate was appointed to investigate the matter, and it proposed a bill to secure the reduction with justice to the Indians, and honorably to the government, which was unanimously sustained by the Senate, and approved by the President, the Secretary of the Interior, and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. This bill was awaiting the action of the House, when, without the knowledge of the committee of the Senate or of the Indian Bureau, an executive order, dated February 27, appears, which opens more than half of the Crow Creek Reservation to white settlement.

According to the newspaper reports, on the day after the publication of the order, as if by previous understanding, two thousand settlers burst in upon the unsuspecting Indians, who hold their home under the pledge of the government, and who are not likely to abandon it unless they are forcibly expelled. The lands improved by the Indians are excepted from the order. But the agent upon the reservation in his last report says that he has been obliged to put off the constant applications from the Indians to improve and settle, because the government has not surveyed the land, and now the land which in this way the government has prevented the Indians from improving is opened to white settlers because unimproved.

There seems to be no question that the land is a treaty and not an executive reservation, and it was so treated by the Secretary two years ago, as the agent of the Association states. The Indians have lived upon it for more than twenty years, and believe it to be, as undoubtedly it is, guaranteed to them as their own. The fact that a bill providing for the excision of part of the reservation upon equitable and satisfactory terms, which passed the Senate unanimously, was obstructed in the House, and that an executive order was issued in the last hours of Congress, without the knowledge of those who were most interested in the bill and in honorable dealing with the Indians, covers the whole proceeding with suspicion. The order apparently takes three hundred thousand acres of their land from peaceable and well-disposed Indians, and without compensation opens it to occupancy by white settlers. It is an illustration of the conduct which has made so much of our dealing with the Indians a national disgrace, and unless the facts, as stated by the Indian Rights Association, prove to be unfounded, it is to be hoped that the President will suspend the execution of the order.

MAYOR GRACE AND THE PARK BILLS.

Mayor Grace is earnestly pushing amendments to the Park Bill of 1884, which are so reasonable that every good citizen should sustain his efforts. He is not to be supposed less mindful than others of the desirability of increasing the park area of the city. There is no movement in which the poorest citizens are more vitally interested, because nothing would more surely benefit the general health, and afford so much opportunity of relaxation and of healthy fresh air to those who are constantly confined to the city, than extending the public pleasure-grounds. But this can be wisely done only by constant care and by a strict regard for justice and economy, and it must be assumed that those who wish to promote the object desire to accomplish it in the best way.

The new parks would add to the present system of parks an area three times larger than the existing one, and while the Commission estimates the cost at $8,000,000, Mr. Nagle, in his estimate for the Real Estate Exchange, places it at $12,000,000 to $20,000,000, exclusive of the cost of construction. At the rate of construction of the Central Park, the cost would be $54,000,000. These are enormous sums, and the whole subject can not be too closely scanned. The call of a public meeting to advocate the legislation proposed by Mayor Grace states succinctly the grounds upon which his amendments are favored.

"*First.* Because the effect of the constitutional amendment, adopted at the late election, concerning municipal indebtedness, is to cast the expense of these parks, variously estimated at from $8,000,000 to $20,000,000, upon the tax-payers in a single year.

"*Second.* Because the property benefited is not compelled to pay assessments for the improvements or a just proportion of the expense, as was required by law in the cases of Central, Riverside, Morningside, and other parks in the city of New York. As the expense is to be met by general taxation, the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth wards, which pay taxes on $25,521,065 of real estate, while the rest of the city pays taxes on $1,094,240,532, will pay only about one-forty-fourth part of the whole expense, although receiving all the benefits, except those which accrue to the county of Westchester, which pays nothing.

"*Third.* Because, of the 3800 acres proposed to be taken by these parks, the Pelham Bay Park and Parkway, containing about 1800 acres, lie wholly out of the city limits, and taxes thereon will have to be paid by the city of New York to the county of Westchester upon an assessed valuation fixed by the Board of Supervisors of that county, and based upon enormously increased prices which the city will doubtless have to pay for the land. No benefit besides will accrue to the city by the increase of value of the surrounding property, and the expense of properly policing, lighting, and maintaining this large park and parkway will always be a burden to us as tax-payers.

"We favor the proposed legislation because, if it becomes enacted into a law, the Westchester Park will be eliminated, the property benefited will pay a just proportion of the expense, and the parks in the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth wards will be taken from year to year as necessity will require, and will not cause a greater burden upon the tax-payers than a million dollars annually until all are taken."

These are strong statements, and they deserve the strictest scrutiny. The object proposed is so excellent, the necessary expense so great, and the desirability of guarding against injustice and jobbery are so imperative, that every view should be presented and deliberately weighed. The tax-payers have never found Mayor Grace betraying their interests, and they will not doubt that he is consulting them now. Indeed, without some modification of existing laws, it is not clear how the city is to pay the necessary expense of the improvement.

WHAT KIND OF "NEEDS"?

An amusing statement was recently printed in the reports from Washington that Mr. Pearson would be allowed to remain in office, "with the understanding that when the Administration needs the place, Mr. Pearson will retire from it voluntarily."

Needs the place for what? The only proper use of the place is efficient management of the postal service in the city of New York. If the Administration was sure of that, it could have no reason connected with the public service for displacing Mr. Pearson. The needs of an Administration for a political manager in the Post-office are not needs of the country, and to use the patronage in such an office for the benefit of a party is to betray the public whose service should be the controlling consideration.

No man has a vested right to any place in the public service any more than in a private service. But no sensible man of business dismisses a satisfactory and efficient employé for the reason that he has no vested right to his employment, nor does he discard a capable and experienced assistant because there are other capable men in the world. This is common-sense in every business, and in every administration conducted upon business principles.

THE NEW CHANGES IN POSTAGE.

One of the most important measures of the late Congress, and one which will be generally welcomed, is the change made in the postal laws, practically reducing the rates of postage by increasing the weight of matter to be carried at the present rates. The changes will take effect on the 1st of July.

They raise the weight of all single-rate letters from one-half ounce or fraction of an ounce each to one ounce or fraction, and the same increase for drop-letters. All newspapers and sample copies sent from the office of publication or from a news agency to actual subscribers or to other news agents, one cent per pound or fraction thereof, prepaid. Any article in a newspaper or other publication may be marked for observation, except by written or printed words, without increase of postage. A special stamp of ten cents is to be issued, which, together with the regular postage, will entitle the letter upon which it is placed to immediate delivery at any place of 4000 population or more.

The desirability of this last provision will be tested in the best way. It is in accord with the genius of our Post-office, which has been always a public convenience adapted to the peculiar conditions of the country. If it should be found that the demand for immediate delivery is not such as to justify the expense of the system, it can easily be suspended.

PERSONAL.

A bronze bust of Mr. Whitelaw Reid has been modelled by Dr. Norman W. Kingsley, who asserts that one side of Mr. Reid's face is longer than the other. Dr. Kingsley, while professing to be only an amateur, handles the clay with much dexterity. If a friend visits him at his house, and expresses admiration for any piece of work he is doing, the doctor's usual reply is: "Do you like it? Well, if you like it, take it." The well-known oil portrait of Mr. Reid by Hubert Herkomer was a mystery to the Doctor for two years, until he saw Mr. Reid just after the Presidential election, when, he says, he first understood the sadness of its expression.

—A notable event in surgery occurred in New York a few days ago. A young professor of the Roosevelt Hospital had for his patient a young woman of twenty-two who was afflicted with a club-foot, and in order to straighten the crooked member it was necessary to make deep longitudinal incisions in the bottom of the foot, where, as everybody knows, the nerves are abundant. For the first time in the history of surgery, he performed the operation by injecting the new anæsthetic cocaine into the bottom of the foot, after the manner that morphine is injected into the limbs, with a hypodermic syringe, and so successfully that the patient looked on and smiled, saying that it seemed to her as if somebody else's foot was being cut. The use of cocaine for the mucous surfaces has been frequent of late, especially in treating diseases of the eye and ear, but it is believed that this is the first instance where it has been advantageously applied in an operation of such surgical magnitude. "To see that girl smiling as if nothing more serious was being done than trimming the nails of her foot made me proud of the resources of modern surgery," said a surgeon who witnessed the operation. "Her father was so affected at the sight of his daughter's happiness that he burst into tears."

—Mr. George Edgar Montgomery is dramatizing one of Dr. Hammond's latest novels.

—Herr Sonnenthal, now generally recognized as the first actor of the German-speaking race, is a man of medium height and weight, with a pleasant barytone voice, and no delicacy of feature. His manner is frank and hearty, utterly destitute of subtlety and affectation, and when shaking hands his grasp is that of a friend who values you more than any other being in the world, and has not seen you for years. No foreign actor ever had a warmer professional welcome—a fact pleasant to be recorded in that it means an appreciation of a simple and honest naturalism in dramatic art.

—The late French sculptor Barye has a considerable following in this city, if one may judge from a special collection of his works at a recent meeting of the Lotos Club, when, through the efforts of Mr. Cyrus J. Lawrence, not less than twenty-two plastic specimens of his genius were brought together. Ten of them are owned by Mr. Lawrence himself, and the rest by Mr. Robert Hoe, Jun., Mr. R. M. Hoe, Jun., Mr. William Baumgarten, Mr. S. P. Avery, and Mrs. B. Froehlich. This is one of many illustrations of the growing importance of New York as a habitat of art students.

—We regret to record the death of that eloquent preacher and wise prelate Bishop Linus Parker, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, which took place a few days ago at New Orleans. Few officers of that Church were more beloved by both clergy and laity. For several years Bishop Parker was editor of the New Orleans *Christian Advocate*, contributing to its columns in a genial and forcible style the results of solid learning, wide experience, and simple piety. He leaves a widow and three children.

—One of the most sumptuous illustrated catalogues of an art sale ever seen in this country is that of the magnificent collection of fifty-six Old Masters of the Dutch and Flemish schools, belonging to the estate of Herr Adolf Joseph Bösch, state architect of the city of Vienna, and announced to be sold by auction at his villa in Döbling, near that city, on the 28th of next month. The volume has wide margins and a parchment cover, and contains twenty-three noble etchings and delicate process reproductions *hors du texte*, together with critical and historical prefaces in English, German, and French, the last named being an interesting essay at an exposition of the indebtedness of the leading modern painters to their Dutch and Flemish predecessors—notably of Troyon to Cuyp, of Meissonier to Teniers, of Delacroix to Vandyck, and of the Fontainebleau school of landscapists to Ruysdael and his contemporaries.

—Mr. Frank Vincent, Jun., the author of *The Land of the White Elephant*, is about to sail for the East with the view of gathering material for fresh contributions to the literature of travel. Few living travellers have had a literary success equal to Mr. Vincent's. Besides building up a substantial property in his copyrights, he has received a gold medal, a warrant of knighthood, and "the most worshipful order of the White Elephant" from the King of Siam, the jewelled decoration of the Royal Order from the King of Cambodia, and the insignia of the order of the Royal Sun from that interesting monarch King Theebaw of Burmah.

—The late General Gordon's family will soon publish his diary in full, and the musings of that brave man will appeal to English sentiment, at least. At the recent memorial services in his honor in St. Paul's Cathedral, the Bishop of Chichester said, "The conscience of the nation feels that a stain rests upon it."

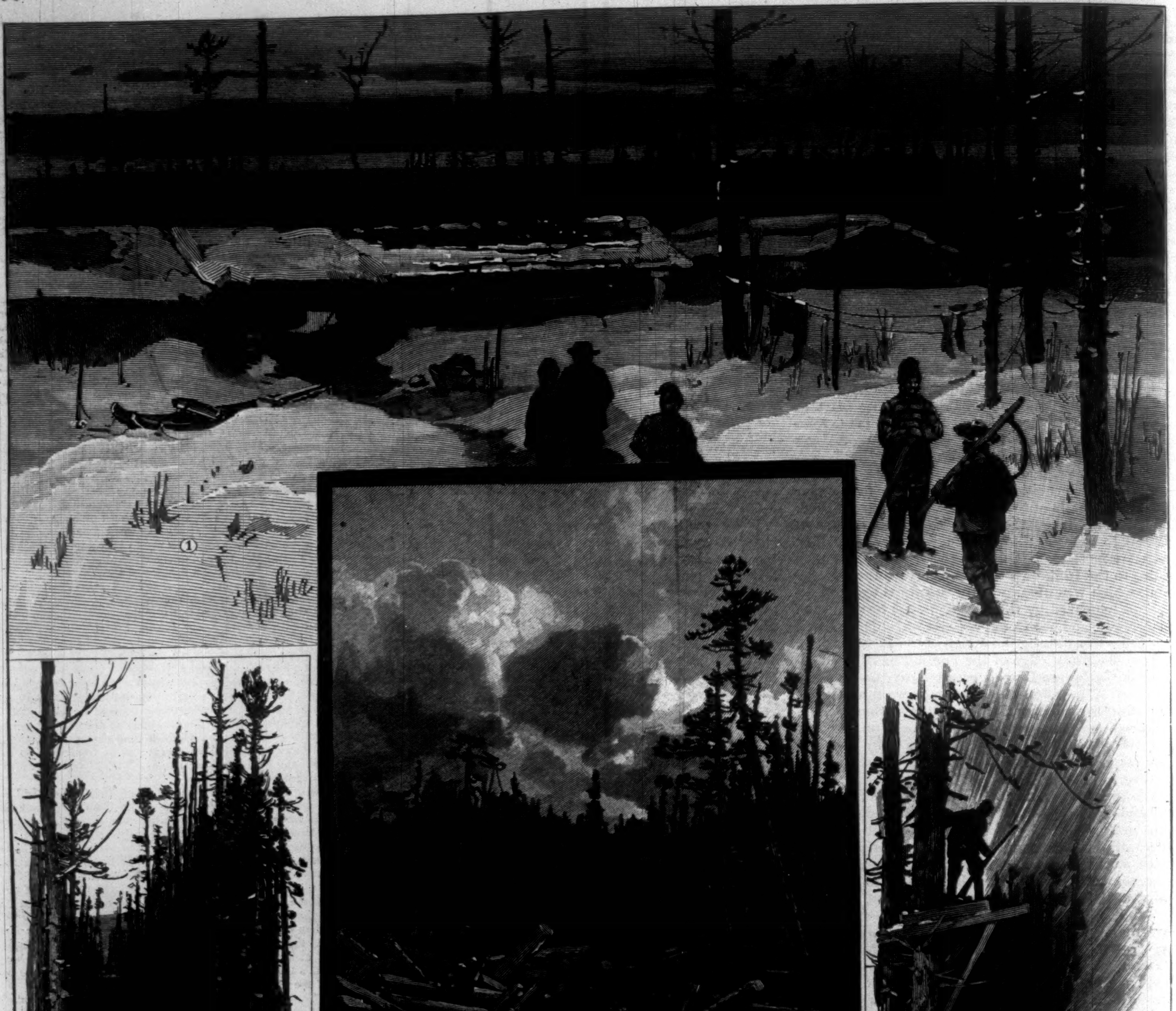
—Mrs. Tom Thumb, who is soon to marry a dwarf Count, declares that she loves him very much indeed, and that she also loves, and will never cease to love, the late General Thumb. "The General and I," she adds, "lived together very happily. We had our spats, of course, but he never struck me."

—A well-known artist was standing in front of a full-length oil portrait of a lady which he was painting in his studio, and in reply to some compliments from a visitor, remarked: "Yes, she has a pretty face, but I don't fancy her neck and arms. I shall have to get another model for them. She wouldn't like it if she knew it, but I guess she won't find it out." It is to be feared that she will not.

—In inviting Mr. Henry Irving to deliver a lecture on the dramatic art, Harvard University has established a precedent as well as honored an actor. The best friends of the American stage have therefore a new reason for acknowledging the services of the distinguished Englishman.

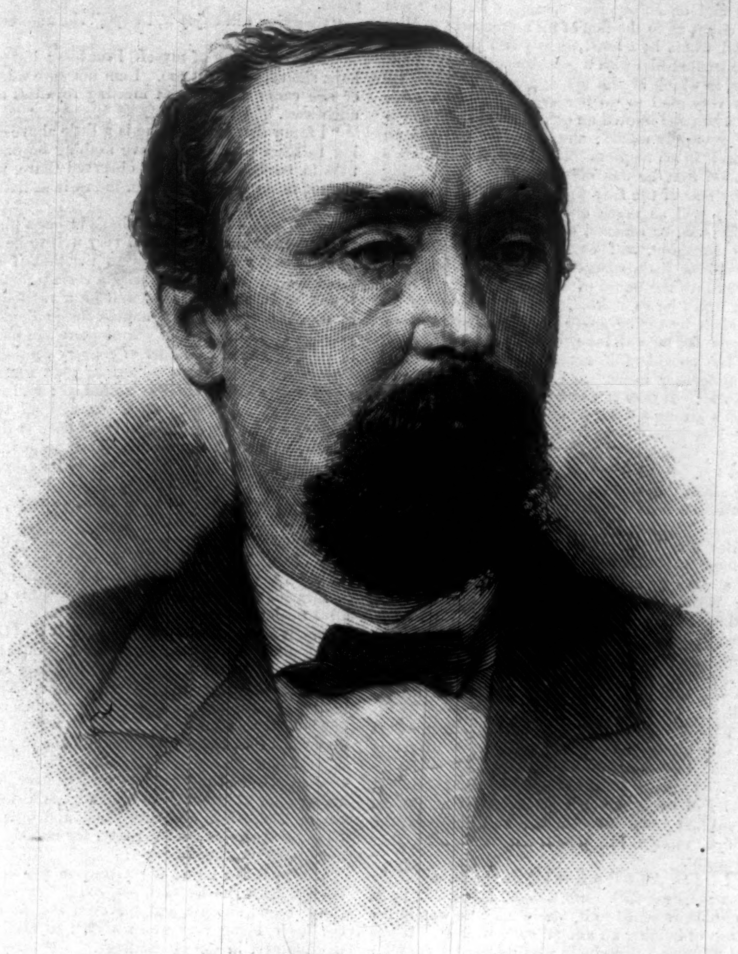
—Theodora, writes a foreign essayist, was the daughter of a bear-keeper attached to the Hippodrome at Constantinople, and was one of three sisters whom their mother sent on the stage when they were still children seven or eight years old. With no talent either for music or dancing, her fortune was in her face and in her tongue. Her pretty features, her nimble movements, her audacious smartness in repartee, made her the most popular and notorious in the pantomimes (to use the nearest modern equivalent) who delighted a people whose taste had fallen below the regular drama. Needless to say what was the morality of the Byzantine stage, or what the life which the young actress led. That such a person should have married an emperor was wonderful enough; but that, of all emperors, she should have married Justinian, the studious and pious Justinian, the industrious and abstemious Justinian—here was indeed matter for a hymn to Aphrodite, had there been a poet to sing it.

—The romance called *The Entailed Hat; or, Patty Cannon's Times*, by Gath, continues to attract attention. Among Mr. Townsend's letters is this from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin* a third of a century ago: "I and my husband have taken eager turns in reading your graphic and striking pictures. It increases my thankfulness to the Prince of Peace that such horrors no longer exist. Your work is intensely interesting." Judge Fisher, of Delaware, who assisted to make the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, writes: "Did I or any other person ever tell you that Patty Cannon did not commit suicide? I fell in with a gentleman from Canada in 1849, whilst I was in the State Department in Washington, who said he knew her to be then living there, though she was then about eighty years of age; that she had bribed the jailer to assist her to escape; and that the body of an old woman who died at that time in the poor-house near Georgetown, and who bore quite a striking resemblance to Patty, was substituted for her, whilst she was assisted to make her way to the place of her nativity in the British dominions. He told me her early history, and of her rare personal beauty when a girl, and seemed perfectly familiar with her history on this peninsula. I talked with Mr. [John M.] Clayton about it, and my impression is that he believed the story, having heard it long before that." Attorney-General Brewster writes: "You have written the romance with wonderful effect. I am almost afraid to take it up again, it left such a deep impression upon me. The country I have seen, and it is described accurately."

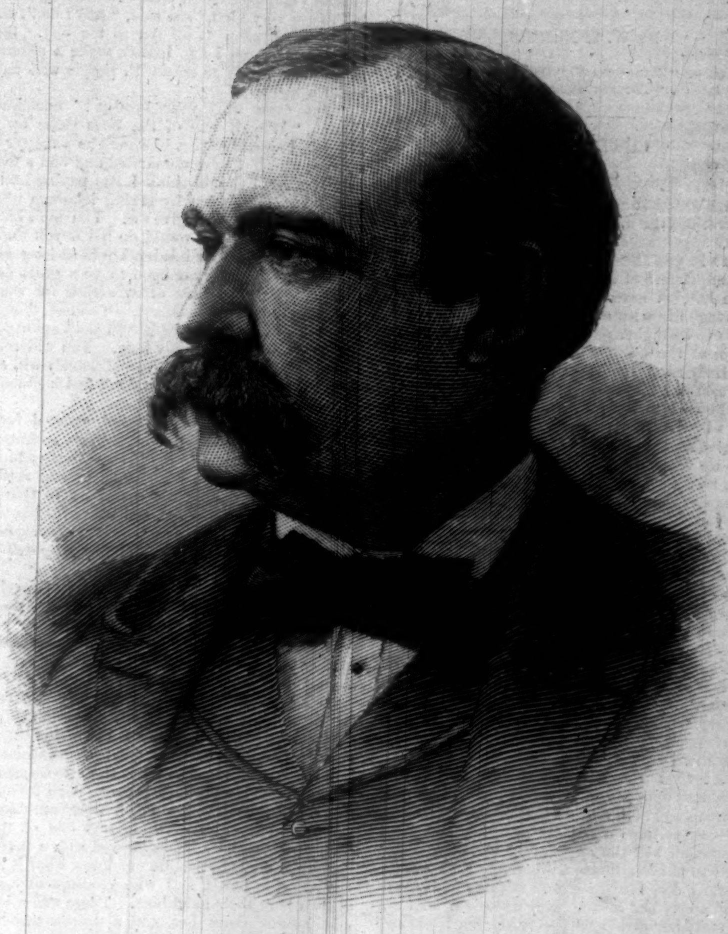


LOGGING IN WISCONSIN.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 203.]

1. Loggers' Camp. 2. Railroad through the Forest. 3. Log Jam on the Chippewa River. 4. Dead-Shot from a Deer-Box. 5. Loading and hauling Logs to the Mill.



SERGEANT PLUNKETT.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN, BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 203.]

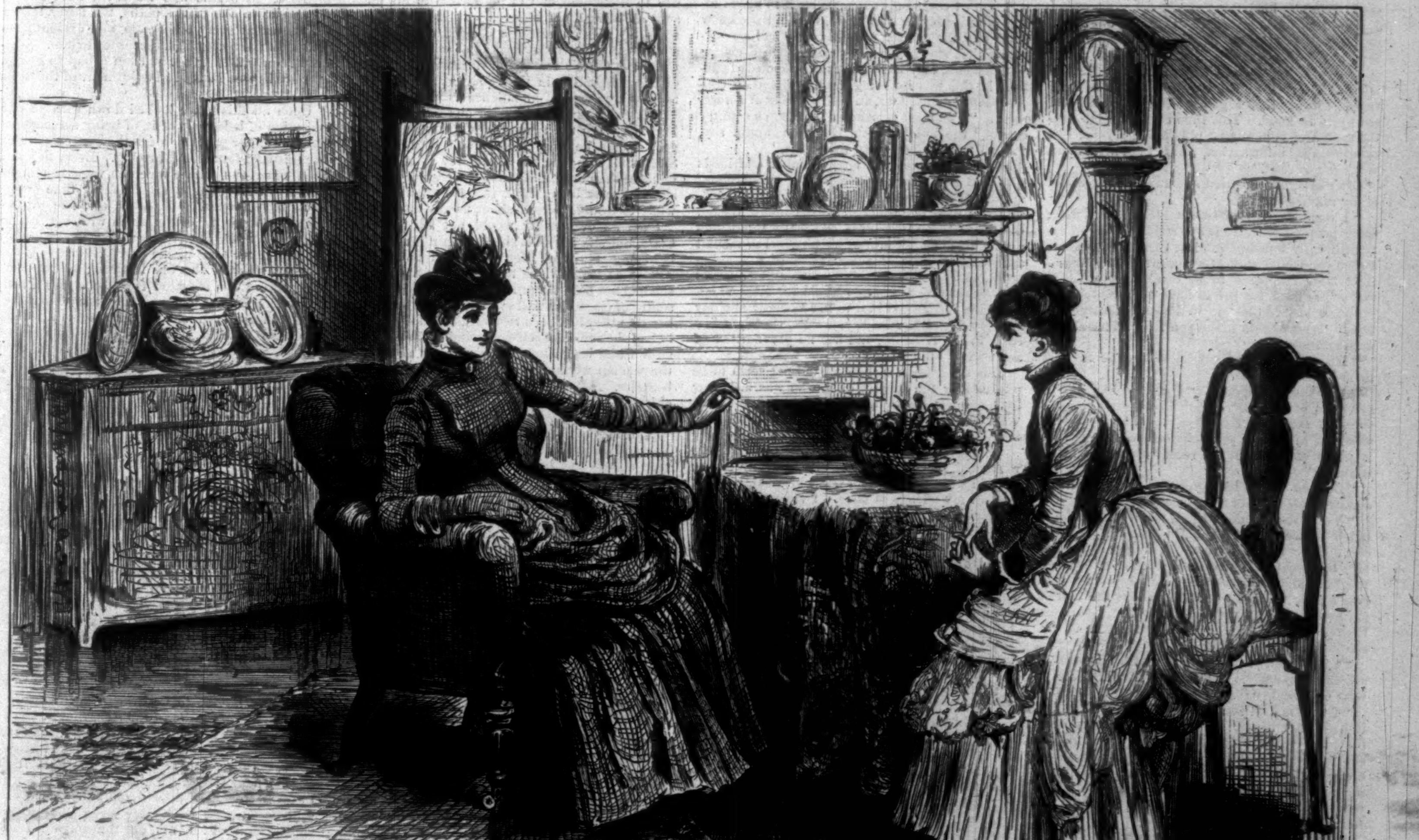


GEORGE GRAY, THE NEW SENATOR FROM DELAWARE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. PAUL BROWN, OF WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

SENATOR BAYARD'S SUCCESSOR.

AT noon on the 17th of March the caucus of the two Houses of the Delaware Legislature met and balloted for a United States Senator to succeed the Hon. THOMAS F. BAYARD, now Secretary of State, and by a unanimous vote the Hon. GEORGE GRAY, Attorney-General of Delaware, was selected. For some days it had been evident that the event was a foregone conclusion.

Mr. GRAY is a warm personal friend of ex-Senator BAYARD, and at the Democratic National Convention of 1880 presented Mr. BAYARD's name for the Presidency. He did the same at the Democratic National Convention of 1884, and has long been considered the chief political disciple of the distinguished statesman whom he now succeeds. He is a graduate of Princeton College, of the class of 1859, and a student of Harvard Law School. He practiced law at New Castle until four years ago, when Governor HALL appointed him Attorney-General of Delaware. Last year he was re-appointed by Governor STOCKLEY. At two bounds, therefore, he steps from his law office into the Senate-chamber. Mr. GRAY, now forty-five years old, is the son of a lawyer, ANDREW C. GRAY, and one of the best-read members of the bar. Even the friends of other candidates virtually conceded that he was the most fit of all to fill Mr. BAYARD's place. In appearance he is unusually striking, being more than six feet high and of robust build. His public speaking is fluent and graceful, and when he stands on the floor of the Senate the State of Delaware will not seem to be one of the smallest in the Union.



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WILL THINK OF ME WHEN I CONFESS THAT I HAVEN'T SEEN EITHER OF HIS BOOKS YET."—[SEE SERIAL "ADRIAN VIDAL," PAGE 198.]

ADRIAN VIDAL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

GEORGINA.

CLARE's modest aspiration for a little company was gratified in an unexpected manner by the sudden appearance upon the scene of Adrian's sister. It was Miss Vidal's habit to arrive from remote quarters of the glove during the progress of the London season, for she combined a taste for savage life with a genuine appreciation of humanity in its higher phases of development; and, indeed, at the bottom of her heart she agreed with Lady St. Austell that there was no place in the world like the capital of her native land. She was shown into Clare's drawing-room one afternoon when Adrian was out, and introduced herself, remarking as tranquilly as if she had just come up from the country, instead of from the South Seas: "I shall only be in town for a few weeks, so I thought I wouldn't lose time in calling upon you."

Clare looked at this tall, fair-haired, and rather handsome woman who had a pair of frank, good-humored eyes, and took a fancy to her at once. In face she was not unlike her brother, whose senior she was by a year or two; but her manner was her own, and, in spite of a certain abruptness, it was not an unpleasant manner.

"I have heard all about you from my mother," she said; "so I feel that you are not quite a stranger. My mother's report was very complimentary, which is more than can be said for most of her reports. By-the-bye, did she tell you anything about me? I hope not."

Clare took a second look at Miss Vidal, who was seated opposite to her, with her hands upon her knees and her elbows squared out. The attitude was perhaps a slightly masculine one, and the speaker had the appearance of being accustomed to use her limbs more freely than women generally do; but there was nothing unconventional about her attire. Her dress was well cut and fitted her neat figure perfectly, her boots and gloves were all that they ought to have been, and she had a parasol with a long handle, just like everybody else. Remembering quite well the picture drawn by Mrs. Vidal of her daughter, Clare smiled and only replied: "She told me you were in the South Sea Islands."

"Nothing more than that? Are you sure she didn't tell you that I had become a convert to cannibalism? The year before last, when I came back from Africa, I was asked by half a dozen people whether it was true that I had shot a native chief and taken command of his tribe; and when I inquired where they got their information from, they all with one consent replied, 'From your mother.' I call that rather hard. However, as she often tells me, one can't conceal one's self in the wilds for months together, and then expect that no strange assertions will be made about one's proceedings. She herself can't make out why I go to such places, or what I do when I am there; but she has a general impression that I am up to no good. This time I am going to stop the mouth of calumny by publishing a book full of interesting information, which I am afraid you will have to read."

Clare said, politely, that she was sure she would enjoy reading it.

"I don't feel quite so confident about that; other people's travels always strike me as so extraordinarily wearisome. But there are tiresome duties connected with every position, and domestic criticism appears to be one of yours. It is rather bad luck for you to have to encourage an illiterate sister-in-law as well as a literary husband. Does Adrian make you read all his novels in manuscript?"

"He doesn't *make* me, he *allows* me to read them," answered Clare.

Miss Vidal laughed. "I apologize. It's a privilege, of course. I don't know what you will think of me when I confess that I haven't seen either of his books yet. My only excuse is that it takes some time for recent works to reach Otaheite."

"Do you really like going to such far-away countries all by yourself?" asked Clare.

"Yes, I think I do. Upon the whole, I like it much better than I expected that I should. I don't know that I have any very great natural love of adventure, but when it is a choice between Brighton and barbarism, one can't hesitate. One gets a little tired of wandering about the earth's surface; but things being as they are, I suppose I shall continue to do so till the end of the chapter."

"I hope not," said Clare, to whom this seemed a dismal prospect. "You may have a home of your own some day."

"I may marry, you mean? Well, I may; but it isn't very likely. Whenever I have contemplated anything of the kind, I have found myself confronted by a dilemma from which there is no escape. I shouldn't like a husband who made me obey him, and I should rather despise a husband who obeyed me. Therefore, I remain unfettered."

"And where are you staying now?"

"Oh, in lodgings! It isn't quite the thing, I know. One is allowed to dispense with a chaperon in the southern hemisphere, but not in London. Still, I must see my friends occasionally, and as my mother declares that she can't afford three weeks in town, I have to defy public opinion and come up alone."

"But why did you not come to us?" asked Clare. "Was it because we live in such an out-of-the-way quarter?"

Miss Vidal looked half pleased and half amused. "You are very kind," she said, "and I don't call South Kensington at all out of the way. But, barbarian though I am, I don't make a practice of inviting myself to stay with people who have never asked me."

"Not even with your brother?" exclaimed Clare. "Why, if one of the boys came up to London, I should expect him here as a matter of course; and if I were unmarried and had a married brother, I should think I was paying him a very poor compliment by taking lodgings when he had a spare room to give me. You don't know what a kindness you would do me if you would make this house your head-quarters as long as it suits you. Adrian is obliged to be a great deal away, and lately I have often wished for somebody to talk to while he is out. Of course, though, if you do consent to move here, I shall not expect you to sit with me all day long. You will come and go exactly as you please, and nobody will ask you to do anything that you don't feel inclined to do. Please think it over."

Miss Vidal, as in duty bound, resisted for a time; but her resistance was not very strenuous, and while she was allowing her scruples to be removed, one by one, Adrian came in and settled the matter by adding his entreaties to Clare's. He was fond of his sister, and being for his own part honestly glad to see her again, he rejoiced to find that his wife was amiably disposed toward her.

"You may as well yield gracefully, Georgie," he said. "You can't pretend that you prefer poky lodgings to this palatial residence, or your own society to ours. We have just been entertaining Clare's mother, and it's only fair that my side of the family should have a turn now."

So Miss Vidal became a temporary inmate of the little house in Alexandra Gardens, and did a good deal toward rendering it more cheerful for one of its occupants. It is not always that sisters-in-law hit it off together; but these two speedily became friends—perhaps because each found in the other the qualities which were wanting in herself. The elder of them was one of those happy persons who, being blessed with a perfectly healthy organization, do not know what it is to be weary or bored, and who consequently very seldom bore their neighbors. There was a brisk good-humor about her, and a determination to make the best of everything, which were as good as a tonic to her younger companion, who had gradually fallen into a condition of languor for which her late illness was hardly sufficient to account. Miss Vidal had little personal knowledge of sentimental troubles; but she had sharp eyes, and it is probable that she formed a pretty shrewd guess at the nature of a complaint which did not admit of verbal consolation.

There is not much to be said to those who persist in mourning for the dead, and there is still less to be said to the foolish people who won't understand that courtship and marriage are two distinct things. A little oblivion is the remedy which most commonly suggests itself to by-standers; and it may be that Clare, who did not know what was the matter with her, and had no suspicion that she was being put through a course of treatment, may have been unconsciously benefited in this way by being dragged about to concert-rooms, exhibitions, and other places of amusement. "You must remember that I am a country cousin," the indefatigable Georgina would say, "and I want to be shown the sights."

She had apparently a large number of friends who met her, either by accident or appointment at picture-galleries and elsewhere, and who walked about with her while her sister-in-law rested. In one of these Clare was especially interested, not so much on account of his physical or mental attributes, neither of which were of a striking order, as by reason of the obvious and profound admiration which he entertained for Miss Vidal. Georgina introduced him to her casually one day as "My friend Mr. De Wynt. Mr. De Wynt is a clerk in the Treasury, and has no peculiarities of any sort or kind."

This description of himself did not seem to be resented by the subject of it, who was a dapper little man of something over thirty, with fair hair, very smoothly brushed, and a carefully trimmed beard.

"Some of us can't afford to be peculiar," he remarked, placidly. "Miss Vidal, of course, can; but if I were to set up for being original, I should lose all my friends at once. I mean to say they simply wouldn't stand it, you know. Ask any one of my acquaintances whether he knows me, and I can tell you exactly what his answer will be. He will smile and say: 'De Wynt? Oh yes; I know him. He isn't a bad little chap.' But supposing that I attempted to strike out a line of my own, what would be the result? Why, that I should be known as 'that thundering little idiot De Wynt.' And I would rather not be spoken of in that way."

"He plays the piano," observed Georgina, as if thinking it only fair that her friend should be credited with any little claim to distinction that he might possess.

"Well, yes, I play the piano, but I trust that there is nothing very peculiar in that. My playing is bad, certainly, still not so bad as to be phenomenal."

"His playing is really rather good," Miss Vidal said. "You can come and see us some afternoon, Mr. De Wynt, if you like, and bring your music with you under your arm. Do you mind carrying a roll of music through the streets?"

"I don't like it," answered De Wynt; "it makes one look so like a singing-master, don't you know. But I'll come in a hansom, if Mrs. Vidal will allow me to call upon her."

He redeemed his promise within a few days, and was received with much cordiality by Clare, who had made up her mind that this sensible little gentleman would make the best husband in the world for her sister-in-law. His behavior on this and on subsequent occasions left no room for doubt as to the fact of his attachment to Miss Vidal, whom he adored silently and placidly, and who treated him with a good-humored imperiousness, to which he did not appear to object. He was very glad to do her errands, to look after her when she wanted an escort, and to make himself generally useful; and if he did not demean himself in all respects like a lover, it was Clare's opinion that he was only restrained from doing so by fear of the lady whom he loved.

She said as much one day to Georgina, who either was, or affected to be, greatly amused by this assertion, and exclaimed: "Poor Mr. De Wynt! he little suspects that he has been decoyed into the house of a match-maker. I hope you won't be so unkind as to deprive me of his services by saying anything of this sort to him. If you do, he will take to his heels at once, for he has considerable expectations, I believe, and is altogether rather an eligible little person in his way. It wouldn't suit him at all to be mated with a strong-minded female of eccentric habits."

"You know perfectly well that he is devoted to you," returned Clare; "and I believe you like him too. Some day, when you are tired of roaming about the world, you will be sorry for having snubbed a man who asks for nothing better than to make you happy."

But Miss Vidal shook her head. "I told you before," said she, "that I shouldn't like either to be a slave or a slave-owner. I never snub Mr. De Wynt, whom I think a most amiable and estimable being; but I have received no offer from him, and if I had I shouldn't have accepted it—as people say when they haven't been asked to a party. And talking of that, have you made up your mind to accept Lady St. Austell's invitation?"

This change of subject had the effect, which it was probably designed to have, of diverting Clare's thoughts into another channel. The invitation alluded to had reached her that morning, and had brought about a discussion across the breakfast table between her and her husband, which, though brief, had not been altogether pleasant.

Lord St. Austell possessed, on the banks of the Thames, near Richmond, a small house with large grounds attached to it, where his wife was in the habit of holding an annual garden party. It was by no means everybody who received a card for these functions, at which royalty was always largely represented, and upon which the giver spared neither trouble nor money. Lady St. Austell was exclusive once a year upon much the same principle as causes proprietors of private roads to close their gates for a few hours at stated intervals. She thought it incumbent upon her to make an occasional public assertion of the position in society that she was entitled to claim, after having done which she would return to the easy-going habits that were more congenial to her nature. Now Adrian had not felt at all sure that he would be included among the distinguished guests bidden to Richmond, and in proportion to his pleasure at being thus honored was his annoyance when his wife expressed a decided wish to send a refusal. Understanding, as of course he did, what was Clare's reason for disliking to partake of any hospitality in that quarter, he could not repress a gesture of impatience as he said:

"There is no need to send any answer at all. Perhaps when the time comes you may want to go. I shall be sorry if you don't, because Lady St. Austell has gone out of her way to be civil to us more than once, and if she notices our absence she will most likely think that it isn't worth her while to trouble herself about us any more."

Such an eventuality would not have grieved Clare, but she felt that she had no right to bring it about. She had been too proud to question Adrian as to his visits to Grosvenor Square, but she had not been too proud to put together certain scraps of circumstantial evidence which convinced her that they had been resumed, nor, unfortunately, had she sufficient self-command to abstain from such futile indications as this of her distrust of the woman whom she regarded as his would-be beguiler. After having needlessly vexed him by entering her protest, she began to feel qualms of conscience, and prepared to yield. Some pressure was brought to bear upon her by Miss Vidal, who knew of no just cause or impediment why advantage should not be taken of Lady St. Austell's politeness, and this provided her with a sort of excuse for surrender.

"I have decided to go to that garden party, after all; Georgina would like to see it," she said afterward to Adrian, who accepted the explanation without comment, his one wish being to avoid all mention of a subject which seemed likely to lead to unpleasantness.

If Clare's self-sacrifice won her no thanks from her husband, it met with grateful recognition from De Wynt, who had hardly anticipated that the ladies in whose company he had latterly spent all his spare time would be present at the Richmond gathering, nor, indeed (if the truth must be told), that they would be asked to be present. He knew that Clare was not fond of society, and he also knew that Lady St. Austell made it a rule to ask no one who was not in society to this especial entertainment. He himself had received an invitation as a matter of course, because he always did receive invitations to everything that was going, and there were very few notices of parties recorded in the papers that chronicle such events in which the list of guests did not terminate with "Mr. De Wynt, etc." To what he owed so much honor it would be difficult to say exactly. Possibly, as he was himself wont to aver, to his unobtrusiveness.

"It's awfully good of you to go to this thing, Mrs. Vidal," he said. "You won't enjoy yourself, but you will give enjoyment to other people, and that is your notion of happiness, I know."

In truth, Mr. De Wynt had formed an exalted idea of Clare's character, which he did not disguise.

"Georgina will enjoy it, I hope," she answered, with a smile.

"I was thinking of myself, I confess; but perhaps she may enjoy it too. I am not sure whether she cares much about meeting royalties and duchesses."

"I fancy that perhaps she is a little above caring to meet people who have nothing beyond a title to recommend them," observed Clare, who wanted to represent her sister-in-law in as flattering colors as possible.

"Well, you know, I think that's rather a pity," said the little man. "It's all very well to be unconventional; but it seems to me that if one doesn't allow that rank carries a certain distinction with it, one might as well be a republican at once; and we're not republicans in England yet, don't you know. Of course there are plenty of yeomen and any number of country gentlemen who could show longer pedigrees than some of the people who lead society nowadays; and then there's the aristocracy of talent, and all that. But it's a mistake to turn up one's nose at these people, who think themselves our superiors, and to pretend that one doesn't want to be asked to their houses. At least I think it is; but then I suppose I am rather a snob in some ways," he added, reflectively.

Clare had no difficulty in reading between the lines of this harangue. Mr. De Wynt was, above all things, a prudent man; and in spite of his admiration for Miss Vidal, he was probably quite alive to the disadvantages of having an eccentric wife. It was not, however, very likely that Georgina's eccentricity would take the democratic form which he deprecated, nor, so far as Clare could judge, was he likely to be deterred from offering her his hand and heart by anything except a sense of his own unworthiness. She had scarcely any doubt but that this couple would come to an understanding sooner or later, little though they seemed disposed to hurry themselves over it. It amused her to watch them together; and she had ample leisure for watching them and others at Lady St. Austell's garden party, for nobody took much notice of her there.

Her husband found her a seat on the sloping lawn, whence, as he said, she could "survey the show"; and she sat and surveyed the show accordingly, being very well satisfied to take that passive part in the proceedings. The scene was certainly the most effective that she had witnessed in her brief experience of London society. Under the shade of cedars and copper beeches, and among flower beds blazing with scarlet and blue and a hundred other tints, were congregated some of the prettiest and best-dressed women in England; the river, like a broad band of silver, made a background for all this color, and the sunny, hazy atmosphere softened down what was too crude in it. Lady St. Austell was standing at the entrance of a marquee, surrounded by exalted personages, while in the shadow behind her hovered her lord, an indistinct figure, all teeth and eyeglass. Georgina and De Wynt were pacing up and down one of the paths, the latter taking off his hat at every other step, and evidently rejoicing in the recognitions accorded to him. Adrian, who was flitting about from group to group, appeared to be in the full enjoyment of the same innocent pleasure.

Upon all this Clare looked down with an odd sensation of being out of it, of being set aside, of having neither part nor lot in the existence which her husband found so charming. Every now and then some one, whose face she vaguely remembered to have seen in the far-away time before her illness, bowed and passed on; one or two people stopped to shake hands with her, but as she could think of nothing to say to them, they did not linger long beside her. No doubt it was her own fault if she was isolated; but that did not prevent her isolation from becoming a little depressing in the long-run, and the unexpected appearance of an old friend among all those strangers brought a flush of pleasure into her cheeks, and caused her to start up impulsively from her chair to meet him.

"You back in England, Mr. Heriot!" she exclaimed; "and you have never been to see us!"

"I only returned the day before yesterday," answered Heriot, into whose sallow face a slight accession of color had also found its way, "and I should have called upon you to-day if Lady St. Austell hadn't told me that I should meet you here."

"You went to see Lady St. Austell first, then!" cried Clare, petulantly. "What is there in Lady St. Austell that fascinates you all so much? Are you too among her adorers?"

The moment that she had uttered this somewhat injudicious speech she would have been glad to recall it; but Heriot was discreet enough to let it pass. He began to talk about other things—about his own travels during the winter, about Adrian's successes, and about Cornwall, which last theme was always a welcome one to Clare. Her eyes brightened as she said: "We are going home—to Cardrew, I mean—early in August, and if you want to be charitable, you will come and stay a long time, and keep Adrian from being bored. This year we shall have plenty of room, because Bob is away on the East Indian station, poor fellow, and Jack is going to Norway to fish. We shall miss them both a good deal; still we shall be a tolerably large party without them, and it will be like old times again, I hope. You will be sure to come, won't you?"

"Well, perhaps I will, if I'm asked," answered Heriot. "And how do you like the gay world now? When I saw you last, you told me that you were dying to make acquaintance with it. Do you remember?"

"Yes; it seems a long time ago," sighed Clare. "So much has happened since then."

Heriot made a sort of sympathetic murmur.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1468.

He took it for granted that she was alluding to the loss of her baby, and was not sure whether outspoken condolence with regard to such a subject would be considered in very good taste. But in truth it was not of that only that Clare was thinking.

"Do you know," she went on, "I don't like the gay world at all. I am not fitted for it, and—and it isn't exactly what I thought it would be. Lately I have not been able to go out much myself; but Adrian does. Sometimes I almost wish—"

She did not finish her sentence; but the blank was easy enough to fill up. Heriot quite understood it all. What he had foreseen had evidently come to pass, and he was sorry for it; yet he did not think it advisable to encourage vain repinings. "I am glad you can persuade Adrian to go about without you," he said, cheerfully. "Married men are far too apt to get into a lazy way of falling asleep after dinner, and refusing to stir from their arm-chairs, when they ought to be gathering fresh ideas by mixing with their fellow-creatures. I grant you that historians and philosophers may shut themselves up without injuring the quality of their work very much; but a novelist can't see too many people."

"I dare say you are right," replied Clare, rather coldly. Mr. Heriot might have spared her that hint that she had no business to monopolize her husband, she thought. She had not meant to complain, and felt that she had been undeservedly snubbed. After this she fell back into silence and apathy, thereby causing her old friend to anathematize himself inwardly for having been such an ass as to interfere with what did not concern him.

Lord St. Austell, set free by the departure of his royal guests, had for the last quarter of an hour been prowling about the grounds, like a superannuated knight-errant in search of adventures, and had been pleased by the discovery of an extremely pretty face, which he indistinctly remembered to have seen somewhere before. Pretty faces were to him what the magnet is to iron, and having found, upon inquiry, that this one belonged to "Mrs. Vidal—wife of the man who writes the books, you know," he advanced toward Clare with a grin of satisfaction not unlike that with which an aged wolf may be supposed to contemplate a lamb. De Wynt, who noticed his proceedings, said to Georgina, "Look at old St. Austell making up to your sister-in-law. He must have thought of something very disagreeable to tell her, or he wouldn't be looking so pleased."

But Lord St. Austell, as he seated himself, said nothing more disagreeable than "Mrs. Vidal, I want to know who your dress-maker is."

"I don't think you would be much the wiser if I were to tell you," answered Clare, laughing. "She is not a fashionable dress-maker."

"She has managed to turn you out better than any one else here, at all events," returned Lord St. Austell; not because he thought so, but because experience had led him to believe that no woman living doubts the sincerity of this particular form of flattery. "To be sure," he added, "she had an admirable subject to exercise her skill upon, and that counts for something. If I were a dress-maker I should charge all the ugly women double prices."

"I am afraid they wouldn't employ you long upon those terms," remarked Clare.

"I shouldn't want them. I hate ugly women. I should devote myself to—well, to the ones who are like you; and I should never send in my bill unless I was sure that their husbands would discharge all claims without making a fuss. I hope you make yours pay up handsomely, by-the-way."

"I don't think I care much about dress," answered Clare, who felt that the old gentleman was becoming a little impertinent, but did not quite know how to set him down, "and my husband has not a superabundance of spare money. Why are you so anxious that he should spend it upon my clothes?"

"I should say that was the least he could do," returned Lord St. Austell, screwing his glass into his eye and leering up into his neighbor's face. "When husbands treat themselves to little diversions they must expect to pay for them in some shape or form; and yours ought to pay twice as much as another man, because he has such shocking bad taste. I yield to no man in my admiration for Lady St. Austell; but, at the same time—oh no! I really can't compliment Mr. Vidal on his taste. If I had the good fortune to stand in his shoes, I think I should be very well contented to do my worshipping at home."

"I don't know what you mean," said Clare, in a tremulous voice.

By way of reply, Lord St. Austell pointed with his stick to the marquee, where her ladyship could be seen, reclining in an arm-chair and talking with much apparent animation to some one whose body was concealed by the side of the tent, but whose legs and feet were visible. "Your husband's legs," Lord St. Austell observed, explanatorily. "My dear Mrs. Vidal, we are both of us very badly used. Suppose we try to console each other?"

It was then that Clare distinguished herself in an unusual manner. "Thank you," said she, getting up; "but I should like you to believe that my taste is not quite so bad as my husband's."

She turned away without deigning to watch the effect of this tremendous retort, and, joining Georgina, suggested that it was time to go away. "Perhaps you will kindly look for Adrian, Mr. De Wynt?" she said, not caring to show that she knew where her husband was.

It was with a heavy heart that Clare seated herself in the carriage which was to take her back to London. Things were going badly with her, she thought, and there was little ground for hope that they would ever go better. That Adrian no longer loved her in the old way was plain enough; otherwise he would hardly have made himself so conspicuous with Lady St. Austell as to attract the notice even of Lady St. Austell's husband. Very likely he saw no great harm in flirtation. Clare's small experience of the ways of modern society led her to believe that he was only acting as most other people acted. "Yet," she thought, with some bitterness, "he might have spared me to-day. He knew that I only went to Richmond to please him; he knew that the whole thing was hateful to me; and, at least, he need not have devoted himself to that odious woman before my very eyes."

Of one thing, however, she was quite determined: she would not interfere with him again. She had made her protest, and had made it vainly: it would be useless as well as undignified to repeat it. Nor would she vex him any more by seeming annoyed at his behavior. Neither by word nor look would she betray the pain that he was inflicting upon her. What would be the good?

She chewed the cud of these reflections and formed the above heroic resolution, sitting, grave and silent, in the carriage, while Adrian and Georgina chatted about the party which they had just left; and so successful was she in carrying out her intention that both her companions saw clearly that she was displeased, while one of them understood perfectly well the cause of her displeasure.

Adrian sighed impatiently once or twice. He was ready to make allowances for Clare (for what is the use of adopting the study of character as a profession if one does not learn from it to be lenient to the failings of others?), but it seemed to him that if he yielded to every fancy of hers, his life would very soon cease to be worth having. What could be more absurd than that she should be angry with him because he had talked for a quarter of an hour to his hostess at a garden party? While they had been taking leave of Lady St. Austell, he had noticed Clare's freezing demeanor and Lord St. Austell's sardonic grin, and had felt that he was being made ridiculous. He fully expected to be called to account for his conduct as soon as he reached home, and to be called to account for sins which one has not committed is only less disagreeable than being called to account for those which one has. When his anticipations in this respect were falsified, he was thankful, and asked no questions, as perhaps Clare secretly hoped that he might do. He said to himself that he detested scenes, and wouldn't provoke one. Possibly it might have been better to have a scene and a reconciliation than to allow his wife to hold him at arm's-length; but he doubted whether any reconciliation could be effected at this time without concessions which he was not prepared to offer; so, although her coldness made him unhappy, he did not attempt to break it down, but only threw himself with redoubled energy into the work and play with which every hour of his day was easily filled.

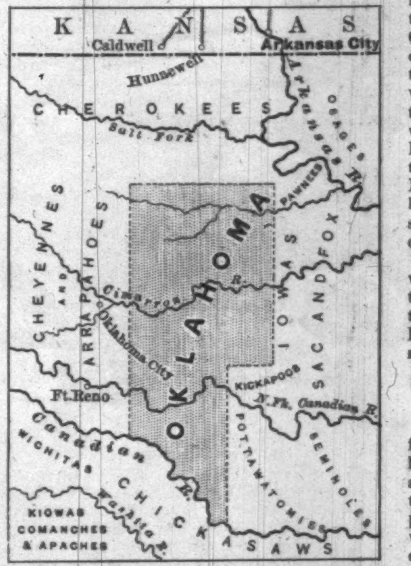
Estrangements usually begin when quarrels end, since quarrels are such unpleasant things that few care to pick them with those whom they do not love; but Vidal and his wife became estranged now less from indifference than from a certain lack of moral courage on both sides. If one of them was more to blame than the other, it was probably Clare, who ought to have trusted her husband until she had clear proof that he was undeserving of trust. She was also by far the more miserable of the two, having little to do but to brood over her troubles, whereas Adrian was busy from morning to night. The latter had been in the habit, ever since he had reached years of discretion, of seeking sympathy and counsel from Heriot, and he would not have departed from this custom in his present strait had he not been deterred by a presentiment that Heriot would declare him to be in the wrong. Now there is no sort of comfort to be got out of the advice of those who won't take your side, and Vidal knew this so well that he gave Brook Street a wide berth, thereby making it quite plain to his friend that something was wrong.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OKLAHOMA.

The "Oklahoma boomer" has come to be a familiar name of late. At present there are one thousand or more Oklahoma boomers. They are encamped on Cheeota Creek, six miles from Arkansas City, on the southern border of Kansas. To the south of them lies the Indian Territory. Nearly in the centre of that Territory stretches the Oklahoma country, an exceedingly fertile and attractive area. The boomers wish to march upon it, to settle in it, and to possess it. The United States government says that they must not do this; that the land is pledged to the Indians. The boomers declare that they will do it. United States troops are posted opposite the camp of the boomers, on the opposite side of Cheeota Creek. They have orders not to permit the boomers to set foot in the Indian Territory. Other United States troops are posted in the Territory—in the Oklahoma country—to guard it against the boomers. From the accounts that come to us there is likely to be an outbreak and bloodshed at any moment.

In November last died Captain David L. Payne, known better as Oklahoma Payne. He was the originator and first leader of the Oklahoma boomers. He was a man of obstinate convictions. He contended that the Oklahoma lands were public property, upon which he and his followers had the right to settle. These lands, as has been said, are fertile and desirable. They lie a little to the east of the centre of the Indian Territory. They cover about eighteen hundred square miles. From north to south at their longest part they measure sixty miles, and they stretch forty miles at the point of their greatest breadth. They are bounded on the north by the Cherokee strip of land lying west of the Arkansas River; on the east by the reservations of the Pawnee, Iowa, Kickapoo, and Pottawattomie tribes of Indians; on the south by the Canadian River; and on the west by the reservation of the Cheyenne and Arrapahoe Indians. In these limits are included 1,887,800 acres, half a million acres more than are comprised in the State of Delaware. Colonel Boudinot, a Cherokee, gave the name of Oklahoma to the country. It is a word of the Cherokee language, and signifies "the home of the red man." The shortest way into the Oklahoma country from Kansas is from Caldwell, on the Kansas border, along a stage road and cattle trail that runs to Fort Reno, on the western border of Oklahoma.



Captain Payne made his first raid into the Oklahoma country in July, 1880. President Hayes had issued a proclamation declaring an invasion of Oklahoma an offense against the law, and ordering interlopers out. Payne and his party were arrested by United States troops. He was tried civilly at Fort Worth, Texas; the court decided against him, and he was warned by Secretary Teller to keep out of the Indian lands. In 1882, with twenty-nine followers, he again pushed across the border, and settled in Oklahoma. The troops again drove him out. Again he went back, and in August last two squadrons of the Ninth United States Cavalry (colored) arrested him and the whole community which he had established at Rock Falls, and escorted them, with their personal property, to the Kansas line. It is said that Payne at his death was worth $60,000.

Captain Couch succeeded to the command of the boomers on the death of Payne in November last. On the 15th of January last, General Hatch, in command of the United States forces opposing the boomers, sent word to Couch from his head-quarters at Camp Russell, Indian Territory, warning him not to proceed in his scheme of colonization. Captain Couch, then at the head of 400 men, defied the United States officer. On January 23, General Hatch sent Lieutenant Day, with forty-two soldiers, to Captain Couch at his encampment at Stillwater. Lieutenant Day requested the boomers to quit. Captain Couch ordered them to prepare for battle, and Lieutenant Day retired. On January 25, General Hatch visited Couch's camp in person, and offered him twenty-four hours in which to retreat. The general had at hand four companies from Fort Leavenworth, one from Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, one from Fort Lyon, Colorado, three from Fort Wingate, and three troops of cavalry from Fort Riley. After a parley, Couch made a conditional surrender, and on January 26 left the Territory with the honors of war. Troops and boomers fraternized immediately after the surrender.

The troops escorted the boomers to Arkansas City. There the boomers were received with applause by the citizens. A public meeting passed resolutions condemning the action of the government, and declaring the intention of an early renewal of the attempt to colonize the Oklahoma country. Captain Couch, H. H. Stafford, George W. Brown, and Colonel S. E. Wilcox were imprisoned in Arkansas City on a charge of conspiracy and rebellion against the United States government. They were arraigned at Wichita, Kansas, before United States Commissioner Sherman, and bound over in $1000 each for a hearing on February 10. While awaiting trial, Captain Couch presided at the boomers' convention at Topeka, which assembled on February 3. Delegates from sixteen Oklahoma colonies were present. They declared that they represented twenty thousand boomers. A committee was appointed to prepare and publish an address to the people of the United States defining the position of the boomers, and also to present the case to President Cleveland, and to protest against interference with American citizens who contemplated settling on such lands in the Oklahoma country as did not belong to any Indian tribe. Arrangements were also made to send Sidney Clark, an ex-member of Congress, and S. N. Wood, an editor, of Topeka, East to present the case of the boomers more clearly to the President.

There was not sufficient evidence to convict Captain Couch and his associates at the trial on February 10. They are now at liberty, and Captain Couch is in command of the encampment of boomers on Cheeota Creek. It is said that many of the boomers are old soldiers, and that most of them are frontiersmen accustomed to arbitration by bullet.

On March 13, General Hatch telegraphed from Caldwell, Kansas, to the Secretary of War that there were then no trespassers upon the Indian Territory, though the boomers on Cheeota Creek were threatening to go over the line. Troops, he said, were stationed in the Territory, and would drive out any invaders.

On the same day President Cleveland issued a proclamation warning the boomers that they would be met by the troops if they attempted another raid upon the Oklahoma country.

The boomers again protested when they heard of this proclamation. They passed resolutions declaring that "a large number of cattle men and cattle syndicates" were occupying the Oklahoma country with permanent improvements for farming and grazing purposes. The resolutions were telegraphed to the President. On the same day Captain Couch announced that he would break camp on Monday, March 16, and move south into the Indian Territory. He called upon those who would follow him to be prepared with agricultural implements and sixty days' rations, as he was going to stay. On the same day General Hatch announced that the boomers could not get through his line. He had six companies of the Ninth Cavalry (colored) directly opposed to the boomers, and plenty of other troops near by. He said they could successfully contend with 3000 or 4000 men.

The government at Washington says that the whole of the Indian Territory is guaranteed by the United States to the use of friendly Indian tribes forever. Squatters may not light upon it. If there are cattle men there, they are not permanent, and may be driven off at any moment.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The eclipse of the sun on March 16 lasted from 12.13, or thereabouts, until a few minutes before 3. During that time it was most noticeable, to any one who paid attention to the matter, that multitudes of people were constantly passing and repassing in the streets of this city, who paid no attention to the celestial phenomenon at all. They were absolutely indifferent to the fact that half the sun was being, or had been, or was about to be, shut off from observation from the earth by the moon. Many whose attention was called to the eclipse excused themselves, saying that they had intended to regard it, but that their attention had been called off by lunch, or mercantile transactions, or other mundane pursuits. It is certain that the eclipse made no such such stir in this town as was made by the escape of Tweed from the Ludlow Street Jail, or the six-day walking matches, or the fifteen puzzle.

Still the eclipse aroused a measure of interest, and a number of persons inquired very earnestly into it. Perhaps the most original inquiry was this, from a very painstaking and earnest observer. "Why is it," said he, "that it is always a full moon which causes an eclipse? Three-quarter, half, quarter, and new moons are all of monthly occurrence, and yet the eclipses invariably happen when the moon is at the full. A crescent moon against the sun would make a beautiful silhouette. Wonder why we don't get one once in a while?"

The expenses of the Yale boat club last year were $7000.

A number of the students of Trinity College supported Booth at his appearance in Hartford, "a part," says the *Tablet*, "composing the chorus, and the rest acting as 'soldiers' and 'lords.'"

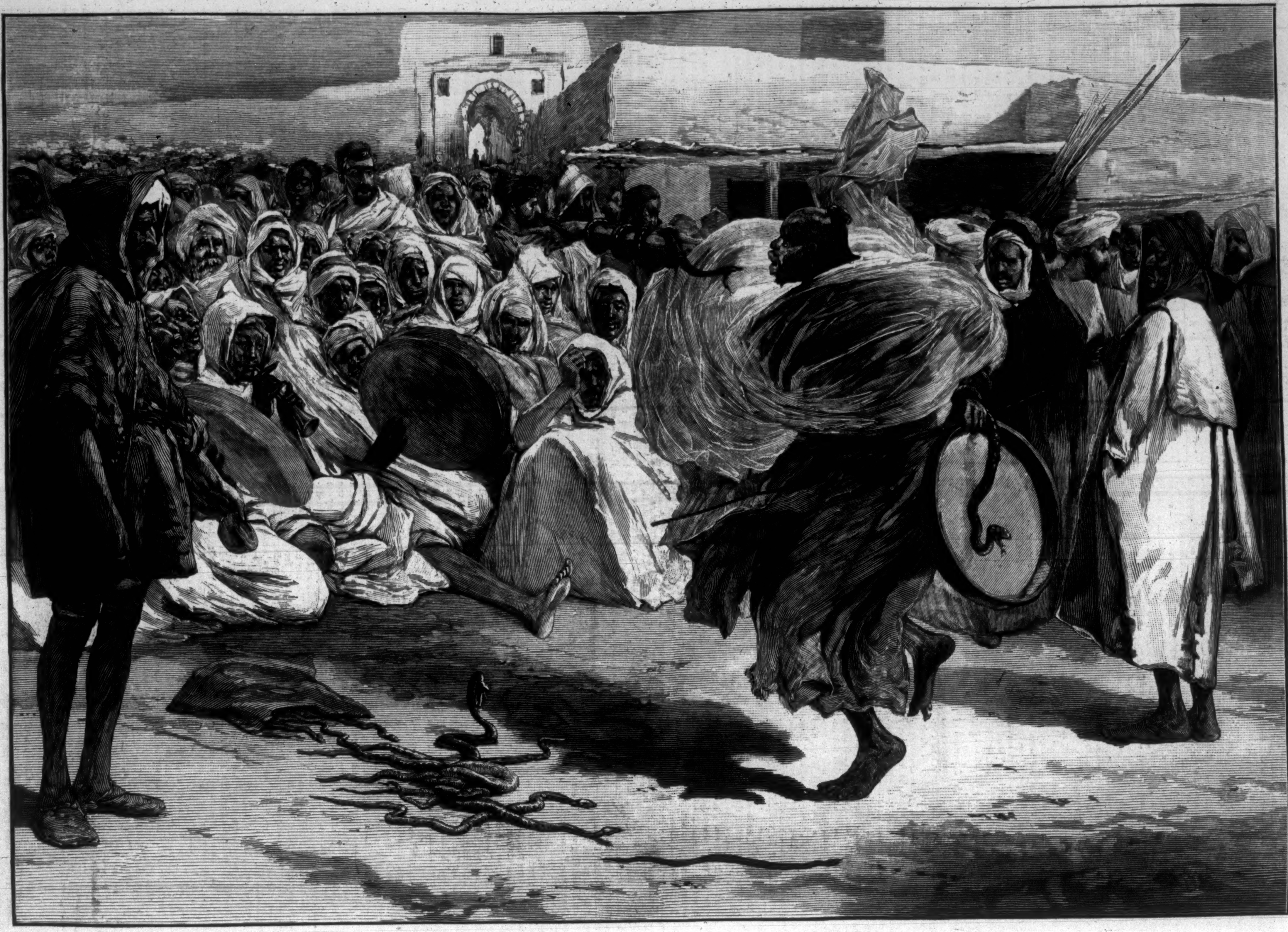
It is said that the Bank of France has a photographer concealed in a gallery behind the cashier, so that the photograph of a suspected customer may at any time be taken in an instant without his knowledge. But then people will say anything.

Trinity College, in Hartford, is an Episcopal stronghold. Many rectors and an army of faithful Churchmen have been educated there. In the circumstances, a paragraph from the college paper there, the *Tablet*, may strike the reader curiously. It says, "Since the opening of Lent, the army of poker players has been somewhat reduced, but a faithful few still hold the fort." It should be borne in mind that poker may be played for matches or for fun.

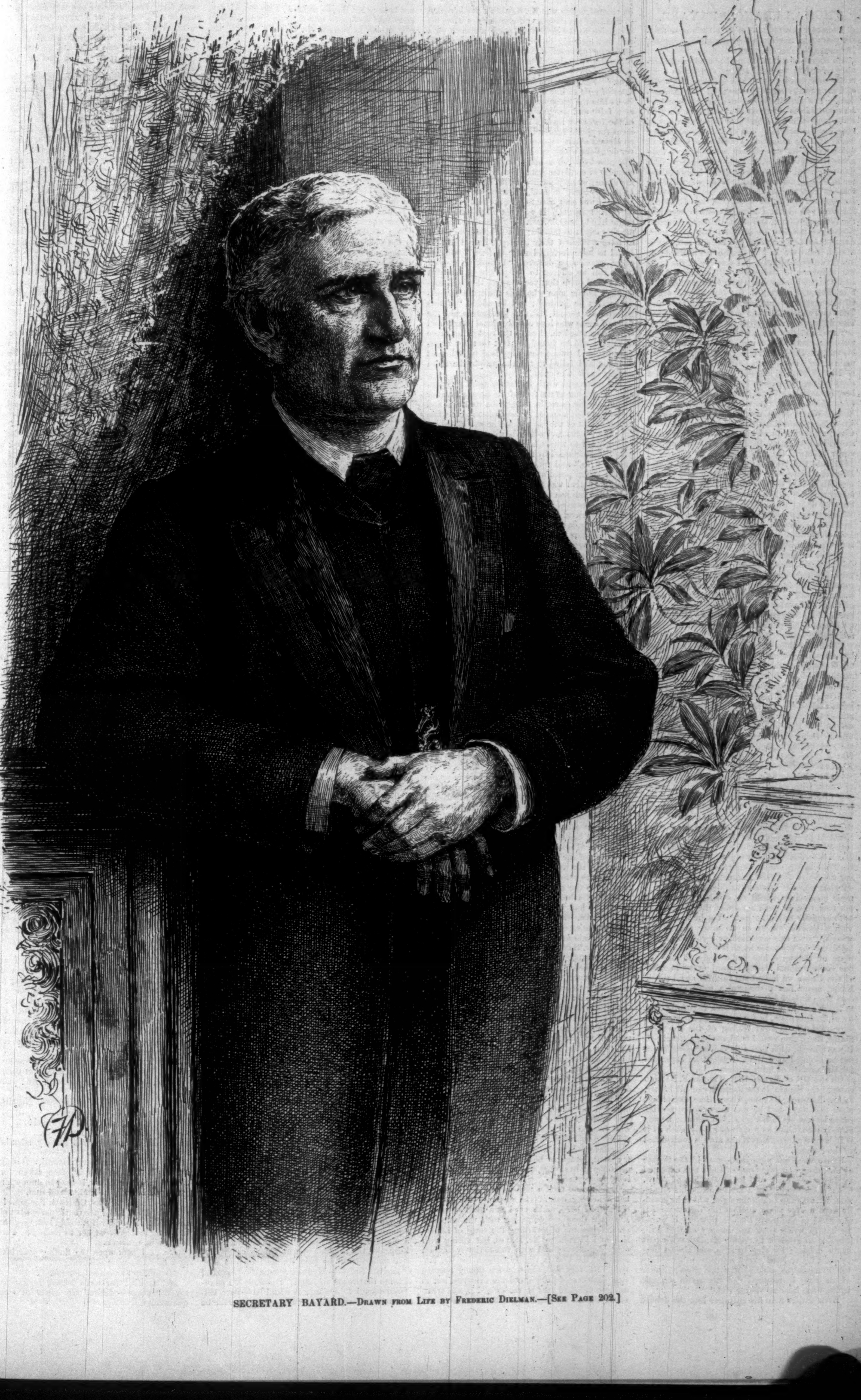
They do not have many divorces in Scotland, but when they do have one, like the progeny of the lion, it is notable. In a recent case the couple had been married for thirty-five years, and the wife, who was the petitioner, was the mother of fifteen children.

The February number of the Bowdoin *Orient* is a memorial to Longfellow, who was a student in the college of the class of 1825. The number contains letters from several of Longfellow's classmates, from a number who knew him in the college as a professor, including the Rev. Dr. Bartol, of Boston, and from many others of eminence in the world, including the poets Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edward Everett Hale, George William Curtis, and Julian Hawthorne.

The public clock on the outside of Greenwich Observatory is a twenty-four-hour clock. That reminds one to wonder if Cincinnati has yet adopted the new system of railroad time, or if she is still running forty or fifty minutes contrary to the rest of the world which is included in her division. Her newspapers used to be full of the assurance that she would never change. For many months now, however, nothing has been said regarding the matter, and the great world which has not been to Cincinnati does not know whether she still does or does not linger upon the dial.



SNAKE-CHARMING IN TANGIER.—Drawn by J. W. Alexander.—[See Page 206.]



SECRETARY BAYARD.—Drawn from Life by Frederic Dielman.—[See Page 202.]

THOMAS FRANCIS BAYARD.

Thomas Francis Bayard is a little over fifty-six years old, having been born at Wilmington, Delaware, October 29, 1828.

He comes of a family that has made an honorable record in national affairs, and which is directly descended from Anna Bayard, the sister of Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of New Amsterdam. The grandfather of the present Secretary Bayard, James Asheton Bayard, was born in Philadelphia in 1767, and was therefore a boy of nine on the breaking out of the Revolutionary war. Having removed to Delaware while still quite young, he was elected a member of Congress from that State, and while serving as such was appointed by President John Adams Minister to France. He declined the appointment for reasons highly creditable to his sense of honor. He was subsequently appointed by President Madison one of the Commissioners to negotiate the Treaty of Ghent, and shortly after he returned from that mission he died, leaving four sons. James Asheton Bayard, the second son, represented Delaware in the Senate from March 4, 1851, to March 5, 1869, and was one of the leading members of the body. He married Anne Francis, of Philadelphia, a granddaughter of Captain Tench Francis, of the Continental army. Of this marriage were born James Asheton and Thomas Francis Bayard and three daughters. The eldest son and daughter died many years ago.

Thomas F., the younger son, at the age of thirteen, was sent to the school of Dr. Francis L. Hawks, at Flushing, Long Island, where he remained for several years. He subsequently came to New York, and became for a brief period a clerk in the mercantile house of his brother-in-law, August Van Cortlandt Schermerhorn, and from there he went to the counting-house of S. Morris Wain, an eminent Philadelphia merchant, where he remained until he was twenty years old, when, on the death of his elder brother, he was summoned back to Delaware to enter on the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1851, and two years later became United States District Attorney for Delaware, but resigned the position in 1854 to go to Philadelphia and become a partner of William Shippen, of that city. Mr. Shippen dying in 1858, Mr. Bayard returned to Wilmington, where he has resided ever since. In 1856 he married Louisa, daughter of Josiah Lee, of Baltimore, and they have three sons and six daughters living.

It will be seen that Mr. Bayard, who has received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Harvard, Dartmouth, and perhaps other leading institutions of learning, is a graduate of the counting-house instead of the college, and though a man of wide and varied learning, he doubtless owes much of his success in the treatment of business questions to his years of training in an excellent mercantile house.

The first public utterance of Mr. Bayard that has attracted general attention, though it was not much noticed at the time of its delivery, was his much-talked-of "Dover speech," made at a meeting at the Delaware capital on June 27, 1861. The meeting was held under circumstances of great excitement, but not, as has sometimes been stated, to consider the question of Delaware's secession, for that had already been finally passed upon. Delaware having thus definitely settled at the very beginning her own place as amongst the States proposing to adhere to the Union, Mr. Bayard felt that she had a perfect right to a voice in advising as to the conduct of the body of States with which she had cast her lot, and it was with a view to influencing the State's action in this matter that the Dover meeting was held. Unquestionably it was the desire of those present to urge a policy which was summed up further North in the phrase, "Let the erring sisters go," and it was in advocacy of that policy that Mr. Bayard spoke. He fully approved the refusal of his State to join the seceding States. But granting the North the most complete success, he asked what a union between subjugated States and their conquerors would be worth, and declared his fear that in such a conflict the liberties of both sections might be lost. Yet he exclaimed, with a passion shown in no other part of his speech, "with this secession, or revolution, or rebellion, or by whatever name it may be called, the State of Delaware has had naught to do. To our constitutional duties toward every member of the Union we have been faithful at all times. Never, never has a thought, a word, an act of ours been unfaithful to the Union of our fathers; in letter and in spirit it has been faithfully kept by us." It is plain, however, that had this speech expressed the general feeling of the Northern States, the Union would not have been preserved. It was a declaration that although secession could not be claimed as a right, it might be expedient for the welfare of both sections.

On the 4th of March, 1869, Thomas F. Bayard entered the Senate as the successor of his father, James Asheton Bayard, whose time expired at noon that day; and he was thus chosen not because he was his father's son, but because he was already recognized as a man of ability, such as it is Delaware's boast that it has always contributed to the Senate.

There were but nine Democrats in the Senate at that time, and every one of them was expected to do full service; and so, on the 9th of April, but a little more than a month after his admission, Mr. Bayard began the fight, which he steadily kept up for years, against the reconstruction measures of the party then in power. It would be but to write anew the history of that long struggle to attempt to record Mr. Bayard's part in the debate; for step by step, and almost inch by inch, he resisted every measure proposed by the Republicans, and he was the chosen leader of his party in its final and successful struggle against the famous "Force Bill."

Even earlier than his entrance into the debate on reconstruction was Mr. Bayard's participation in financial legislation, and eleven days after his admission to the Senate he made a speech on a bill then pending in which he declared his inability to "understand the difference between the principles that should be applied to the honest extinguishment of a private debt and a public debt." For years, but in vain, he denounced the sales of gold to buy at a premium bonds not yet due, while the greenbacks remained unredeemed, as a false and dangerous policy, and he was one of the foremost leaders at all times in the movement for specie resumption. He never hesitated an instant about opposing the greenback and silver delusions which swept through his own party. The plea by which so many sought to excuse their sacrifice of consistency and convictions to a passing craze had no influence on Mr. Bayard. "Sir, I was sent here," he said, "to think on these subjects. I was sent here to give my best judgment on these subjects. It was not what the people might like to hear, but what my conscience taught me they ought to be told; and if I shall be found to have mistaken their interests, I shall not be found to have forfeited their respect." On another occasion he declared, "I think no greater insult can be offered to the people of America than to tell them that you suppose they will condemn a public man who tells the truth and endeavors to do justice"; and he added, "If this government should fail, and go down amid the tears of those who love constitutional liberty and republican freedom, close to the root of its cause of failure will be found the fact that her representative and public men disguised their honest opinions, and failed to tell the people the truth as they knew it to exist."

The time came when Bayard himself was tested. Beginning at the foot of the Senate Finance Committee, he came, in time, to be its head, and undeniably felt honored by the position; but when at the height of the silver craze he was called before the caucus and officially asked if he would report a bill to which he was conscientiously opposed, if sanctioned by the party, he instantly answered "No," and retired, leaving his chairmanship at the disposal of the caucus which gave it. The resignation was not accepted.

Mr. Bayard has never been regarded as an extreme advocate of free trade, but he has been a persistent friend of revenue reform, and since the growing surplus offered unmistakable evidence of overtaxation he has been amongst those who insist that there should be no further delay in setting about so important a work. But, while insisting on tariff reform, Mr. Bayard has always said that in dealing with vested rights long encouraged and fostered by law we ought to act, "not hastily, in no spirit of hostility, but in a judicial temper." He opened on behalf of the Democrats the great debate on the tariff bill which the House sent to the Senate in July, 1882, and he then declared that the time had now come for considering the question down to its very roots. Reduction must be made, and the principle must be established once more that public property could not be taken for private use, and that the public taxing power could not be used to promote individual interests. "There," he said, "is the heresy, there is the danger. Into that, I do not say criminally, I do not say unpatriotically, but naturally and selfishly, I believe a favored class in this country have entered, so that to-day an unequal distribution of the burden of taxation rests on the American people. . . . I would be glad to-day to go heart and hand with those of my fellow-citizens who have a share in these undue privileges in order that they should themselves, by taking part in the reform which I am satisfied ought to come and is to come, prevent it from being violent or extreme." Such has been Mr. Bayard's consistency and moderation in this matter that he has enjoyed the confidence of men of all shades of opinion in his own party, with the exception of the extreme protectionists.

Mr. Bayard has been a consistent advocate of civil service reform, and is almost constitutionally a foe to the spoils system. He gave Senator Pendleton a hearty and unfailing support after the latter had introduced the civil service law now in force. Mr. Pendleton will cheerfully testify that he received from no other Senator more persistent aid and encouragement than was given him by Mr. Bayard, who specially devoted himself to meeting the several insidious side attacks made on the bill. In response to a complaint by Senator Brown, of Georgia, that many grossly incompetent men were already in public office, Mr. Bayard said: "Why are they there? They are there undoubtedly under a system that needs reform. I seek to remove the cause that enables them to go there. . . . I want no system which has resulted in placing such men there to continue. I do not wish my political opponents to place such men there, and God forbid that I should assist in placing men of my own political party of like character there. . . . I wish here to say that I do not desire to see a Republican spoils system replaced by a Democratic spoils system." He declared his belief that if the bill passed, and was executed in the spirit which animated those who framed it, "the reckless and trading politician" would find his occupation gone, and that the offices, salaries, and official power of the country would cease to be expended "to make our elections more savage, more imbittered, more anxious, every year."

Mr. Bayard took a prominent part in the debates arising out of the disputed Presidential election of 1876, and served as a member of the Electoral Commission, voting with the minority on the question of awarding the votes of Louisiana and Florida to Mr. Hayes, but voting with other Democrats and with the majority against counting the Cronin vote in Oregon for Mr. Tilden. He regarded the decision finally reached as a defiance of justice and the evidence, but as an accomplished fact he recognized it, and treated as absurd the argument that because he did not believe Mr. Hayes entitled to the Presidency, he should decline to vote in accord with his own convictions to sustain Mr. Hayes's veto of the silver bill.

Mr. Bayard began to be mentioned as a probable Democratic candidate for President almost as soon as the result of the election gave evidence of the wisdom of his protest in the Baltimore Convention against accepting Greeley, and in the Convention of 1876, which nominated Mr. Tilden, Mr. Bayard received 33 votes. In the Cincinnati Convention of 1880 he was next to the leading candidate, receiving 153½ votes to 171 for Hancock on the first ballot, Hancock being nominated on the second. In the Chicago Convention of last summer Bayard was again next to the leading candidate, receiving 170 votes to 392 cast for Cleveland on the first ballot, 88 being the highest number cast for any one else. On the second and final ballot, also, Mr. Bayard's vote was next to Mr. Cleveland's. As soon as it was known that Mr. Cleveland was elected, public opinion jumped with singular unanimity to the opinion that Mr. Bayard would be the leading member of his cabinet, and this opinion was confirmed when Mr. Cleveland invited Mr. Bayard to Albany for consultation early in December last.

THE LOST BRACELET.

(A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.)

By JULIAN MAGNUS.

CHARACTERS:

Mrs. Vaughan	*A young Widow.*
Sarah Cranston	*Her Maid.*
Arthur Lowell	*A Bachelor.*

Scene.—A handsomely furnished sitting-room in New York, with windows on left side commanding a view of the street. Door of entrance on right, up stage. Below this, nearer to front of scene, folding-door. Fire-place at back. Over the mantel, a portrait of a rather elderly man, with red hair and a somewhat snub nose. *Mrs. Vaughan* is discovered looking out of the window, but concealed from any one in the street by a curtain, behind which she keeps carefully.

Mrs. V. Why, there's the young man who lives opposite, coming up the street. What time is it? [*Looks at her watch.*] Stopped, of course. I was so upset at losing my bracelet that I must have forgotten to wind it up. [*Looks at clock on mantel.*] Almost noon! Well, I never saw him out so early before. There, he is staring up here! I wish people had better manners. He walks very well. Something soldierly about him. Now he'll go and sit at his window and watch me. I can't think how people can be so mean as to watch others. There, he is letting himself in. I suppose, though, if I were to go out in five minutes' time, I should meet him somewhere. It's awfully annoying to feel that one is being perpetually followed about. And yet he never stares rudely at me. Just a passing glance, as if he'd never seen me before, though perhaps there *is* just a little shade of admiration in it. I wonder who he is? Certainly a gentleman. There he is at the window gazing straight over here. He has no more manners than a bear. I won't run any risk of his seeing me.

[*Moves from window, and rings bell.*

Enter Cranston, *upper door R.*

Mrs. V. Where is the *Herald?* Is my advertisement in? Hasn't any one been yet about the bracelet?

Cranston. No, ma'am.

Mrs. V. Not in! And you told me they said it was sure to be printed to-day.

Cranston. I meant, ma'am, that no one had been about the bracelet. The advertisement is right enough.

Mrs. V. Why didn't you say so at first?

Cranston. I was going to, but you asked me so many things—

Mrs. V. (*interrupting*). Don't talk so much. Get me the paper.

Cranston (*going*). Yes, ma'am. [*Aside.*] She's been in a nice temper ever since she lost the bracelet. [*Exit.*

Mrs. V. I believe that girl is growing more stupid every day. If poor Vaughan hadn't liked her, I think I should make a change. Poor Vaughan! It's only ten months, three weeks, and four days since he died, and that bracelet was the last thing he gave me. He would have been fifty-two next Tuesday—more than twice as old as I am. But then he was so good! I wonder if he'd be angry if I left off these horrible black things before the year was up? It's dreadfully lonely not to be able to go anywhere lest people should say one is heartless.

Enter Cranston *with newspaper.*

Cranston. Here is the paper, ma'am.

[*Gives it to Mrs. V.*

Mrs. V. Thank you. I want you to put some new ruching in my second-best bonnet.

Cranston. Yes, ma'am. [*Going. Aside.*] I'll be glad when she's done with those nasty white things. They take all my spare time. [*Exit.*

Mrs. V. (*taking paper toward window, looks at advertisements. Reads*). "Lost, a bull-pup." That isn't it. "A gold watch, No. 17,652. No questions asked." [*Looks down column.*] I can't see mine. [*Throws a glance at opposite window.*] Still there! I hope he'll catch cold. [*Looks at paper again.*] "Rewards." Ah, here it is! [*Reads.*] "Lost yesterday afternoon, probably between the underneath address and Union Square, a plain black enamelled bracelet set with a Maltese cross in pearls. As it is prized as a keepsake, the original cost at Tiffany's (seventy-five dollars) will be paid for its return to Mrs. Vaughan, No. —— Madison Avenue." [*Speaks.*] I think that reads all right. I wonder if I've offered enough? Perhaps it would have been better to have only offered as much as it could be sold for. Possibly some one may have found it, and be holding back for a bigger reward. That's what they did when Fido was stolen the time before last. No; it was the time before that. I wish I had some one to advise me what to do. [*Looks at window.*] Well, I'm glad he's had the decency to go away at last.

Enter Cranston.

Cranston. Oh, ma'am, there's a man come about the bracelet!

Mrs. V. Has he got it?

Cranston. He says so, ma'am.

Mrs. V. (*going to desk and taking out money. Handling bills*). Three twenties, a ten, three twos, and a one. I think that's right. Let me count again: three twenties are—sixty, and a ten is seventy, and three twos are six; that's seventy-six. Why, it's too much. I must take away a two and put a one. [*To* Cranston.] See that it *is* my bracelet, and then give him this.

Cranston. Yes, ma'am. [*Going.*] I wish I'd found it. [*Exit.*

Mrs. V. Oh, I am so glad! I do believe I'm going to be lucky. I think I must go and see a clairvoyant.

Re-enter Cranston.

Cranston. The man says he wants to see you himself.

Mrs. V. What a horrid nuisance! Perhaps he wants to try to get more money. Does he look as if he would be impudent?

Cranston. Oh no, ma'am.

Mrs. V. Well, I suppose I'll have to see him. Come up with him, and don't leave the room. [*Exit* Cranston.] I wish there was a policeman in sight. [*At window.*] But there isn't, and even that man opposite, who might have heard me had I screamed, has gone away. The only time when he might have been of any use.

Enter Cranston, *announcing* Mr. Lowell.

Mrs. V. (*starting. Aside*). The man opposite!

Mr. L. (*advancing*). Madam, I believe I have been fortunate enough to find your bracelet.

Mrs. V. Sir, I asked my servant to look at it and to give—

Mr. L. She wished to carry out your orders; but of course I could not think of accepting a reward.

Mrs. V. Then may I ask why— [*Hesitates.*]

Mr. L. Why I asked to see you? I suppose I must confess that, after all, I am covetous enough to desire a reward—that of witnessing your pleasure at recovering your bracelet.

Mrs. V. You are very kind. Don't delay the pleasure on my account.

Mr. L. (*taking bracelet wrapped in jewellers' paper from his pocket*). This, I believe, is it.

Mrs. V. (*takes package, opens it, and at the first glance gives a little scream of joy*). Yes, that's it. Oh, I'm so glad!

Mr. L. (*aside*). I begin to breathe again.

Mrs. V. (*looking at bracelet more carefully*). But yet it looks different. There were some scratches on mine just here. [*Pointing to clasp.*]

Mr. L. (*aside*). I never thought of that. What can I say? [*Aloud.*] The fact is, madam, that when I was fortunate enough to find your bracelet lying in the road, it was covered with mud. I took the liberty of having it cleaned before returning, and I presume the jeweller must have taken out the scratches. [*Aside.*] That was a happy thought.

Mrs. V. I am sorry you have had so much trouble. You will at least allow me to repay—

Mr. L. (*interrupting*). Please don't speak of it. The amount was so trifling. [*Aside.*] I wish she'd ask me to sit down, or at least sit down herself.

Mrs. V. (*aside, after a brief pause*). This is very awkward. I wish he would go. I wonder if I ought to ask him to sit down?

Cranston (*aside*). I guess they'll do better alone. I may as well earn the five dollars he gave me.

[*Creeps out quietly.*]

Mrs. V. (*aside*). I must say something. [*Aloud.*] You did not tell me where you found this.

[*Clasping bracelet on her arm.*]

Mr. L. I'll tell you all about it—quite a little story. But pray don't let me keep you standing.

Mrs. V. (*sits*). Will you not take a chair?

Mr. L. (*sitting*). Thank you. [*Aside.*] I did that pretty well. [*Aloud.*] As I was taking my usual walk down the avenue yesterday morning—

Mrs. V. Morning?

Mr. L. Did I say morning? Well, I meant afternoon. You see, I always call the time morning till I have had dinner. I was crossing about two blocks below here, when I saw something gleaming near the gutter. I picked it up, and found your bracelet; that is, of course, I didn't know it was yours then. But this morning I looked at the advertisements, and as soon as I could get it properly cleaned I hastened to relieve your anxiety.

Mrs. V. I am so much obliged! It was my last present from him. [*Looking at portrait.*]

Mr. L. (*also looking at portrait*). Ah! your father, I presume?

Mrs. V. (*handkerchief to her eyes*). No, sir; my husband. He is an angel now.

Mr. L. (*aside*). A red-haired angel!

Mrs. V. He was much my senior.

Mr. L. Which accounts for my mistake. I trust you will forgive it.

Mrs. V. Oh, it was very natural. During my husband's lifetime I was often taken for his daughter. Poor fellow, it used to annoy him.

Mr. L. I can quite understand that.

Mrs. V. (*aside*). Why, Cranston has gone! It's very strange. I told her particularly not to leave the room. I wonder if it would look very strange if I rang and ordered her to remain? Perhaps he'll go in a minute.

Mr. L. I look upon my finding your bracelet as a very fortunate accident.

Mrs. V. It was indeed, for me.

Mr. L. No; for me. I have long—pardon my frankness—desired the honor of your acquaintance.

Mrs. V. (*frigidly*). Sir! [*Aside.*] I think I *had* better ring.

Mr. L. We have been opposite neighbors for some months, though I suppose you have never known it or noticed me.

[*He says the last words in a tone of sadness.*

Mrs. V. Oh no! My sad loss has weighed upon me so much that I have scarcely thought of the world outside these walls—except when it has been necessary for my health to take a little daily exercise.

Mr. L. I have frequently passed you on the street.

Mrs. V. Indeed! [*Aside.*] I wish I knew what to say. [*Aloud.*] I suppose people must pass other people. [*Aside.*] What an idiotic remark!

Mr. L. (*with a rather forced laugh*). Of course they must.

[Mrs. V. *laughs also. They look at one another in silence for a moment.*

Mrs. V. But everybody doesn't notice everybody else. [*Aside.*] I never felt so stupid before.

Mr. L. But if one isn't blind—not that I mean you were—no, I didn't mean that—excuse me—but of course with a man it's different.

Mrs. V. I suppose it is.

Mr. L. Yes; men see more than women.

Mrs. V. Oh! do they, really?

Mr. L. Well, of course only in a way, not in all ways.

Mrs. V. Ah!

Mr. L. Now a man may admire a lady immensely, and she be entirely ignorant of it.

Mrs. V. (*emphatically*). Oh, certainly! Whereas a man thinks he sees admiration for himself where none exists.

Mr. L. Exactly. Almost what I was going to say. It is singular how our ideas entirely coincide.

Mrs. V. (*aside*). I wish I'd let him finish his own sentence.

Mr. L. Excuse my asking, but was your husband any relation to the Vaughans of Syracuse? I knew lots of them when I was a boy there.

Mrs. V. No; he came from Philadelphia. But did you not say your name was Lowell?

Mr. L. Yes, Arthur Lowell.

Mrs. V. I was at school, at Mrs. Parker's on Fifth Avenue, with a Miss Clementine Lowell from Syracuse.

Mr. L. Why, she is my first cousin!

Mrs. V. She was my best friend.

Mr. L. (*impulsively*). How jolly lucky!

Mrs. V. I beg your pardon.

Mr. L. I meant to say I was pleased you knew a member of my family. [*Aside.*] By Jove! things couldn't be going better.

Mrs. V. But tell me, how is Clementine? I haven't heard of her since—

Enter Cranston.

Cranston. Beg pardon, ma'am, but there's a gentleman in the hall come about your bracelet.

Mrs. V. Probably some detective.

Mr. L. (*aside*). Here's a pretty mess! [*Aloud.*] Hadn't I better see him for you? It's not pleasant for a lady to be mixed up with that sort of fellow.

Mrs. V. Oh no! I couldn't think of troubling you. Cranston, tell the person that the bracelet has been found.

Cranston. Yes, ma'am. [*Exit* Cranston.

Mr. L. There are always private-inquiry officers looking out for just such chances to run up bills.

Cranston (*re-entering*). If you please, ma'am, the gentleman says he has found your bracelet.

Mr. L. (*aside*). Here *is* the very deuce to pay! [*Aloud.*] Doubtless it is some impostor who has found or obtained some bit of rubbish, and will very likely be impudent about it. Pray let me get rid of him for you. [*Starting toward door.*

Mrs. V. No, no. I am rather curious to see what he has brought. What does he look like, Cranston?

Cranston. The gentleman looks as if he was a bricklayer, ma'am. His clothes are splashed with plaster.

Mrs. V. Ask him to let me see if it is my bracelet.

Cranston. Yes, ma'am. [*Exit.*

Mr. L. I am sure it would be better if I—

Cranston (*entering*). Here it is, ma'am.

[*Offers bracelet wrapped in red cotton pocket-handkerchief.*

Mrs. V. (*taking out bracelet*). Why, that *is* mine. Here—here are the marks I remember.

Mr. L. (*aside*). It's all up. I wish I was out of this.

Mrs. V. (*after looking a moment fixedly at Mr. Lowell*). Cranston, take the man this money and his handkerchief, and say I am much obliged.

Mr. L. I'll do it for you if you'll permit me. [*Aside.*] I'll slip out after him.

Mrs. V. No, thank you. My servant can do all that is necessary. Besides, I wish to speak with you. Go, Cranston.

Cranston. Yes, ma'am. [*Going. Aside.*] It seems to rain bracelets. I wish some 'd come my way. [*Exit.*

Mrs. V. Now, sir, I'll trouble you for an explanation.

Mr. L. An explanation? Oh, about the bracelet. Are you quite sure there is no mistake?

Mrs. V. There seems to have been a very grave one. Well, sir, your explanation?

Mr. L. Mrs. Vaughan, I will make a clean breast of it, and throw myself on your generosity for forgiveness. I ventured to intimate before that for months I have silently admired you, and longed above all things to make your acquaintance. I inquired diligently among all my friends for some one who knew you, so that I might be properly introduced. I could not succeed. This morning I read your advertisement. I knew how infrequently lost things were recovered. It occurred to me that perhaps your bracelet was of a pattern which had been duplicated. I went to the jeweller's and found that it was so; but even if I could not have got one exactly like, I should have used another as a pretext for gaining speech with you. I acknowledge my fault, but you ought to allow for the greatness of the temptation.

Mrs. V. (*with indignation that is more than half assumed*). So, sir, according to your own statement, you take advantage of my misfortune to intrude upon my solitude and my grief. Not content with dogging my steps when I move out, you sit at your window, and keep an almost incessant watch on my house.

Mr. L. I beg your pardon. How do you know that I watch from my window?

Mrs. V. Didn't you tell me so a while ago?

Mr. L. No; I said nothing about the window.

Mrs. V. Oh! I remember now; it was my maid who informed me of your constant supervision. [*Aside.*] I very nearly betrayed myself there. [*Aloud.*] You would not only insult me by forcing me to receive a gift of considerable value from an utter stranger, but you would deceive me into prizing as a relic something that had no connection with the supposed giver. You invent, with a readiness which is certainly suggestive of practice, an elaborate tissue of false statements; and when an honest man comes to restore my property, you seek to brand him as an impostor. Take your bracelet, sir, and go. Oblige me by remembering that in the future, as in the past, we are utter strangers.

[*She tries to unclasp bracelet, but is unable to do so with one hand.*

Mr. L. (*aside*). She looks handsomer than ever when angry. [*Aloud, looking at bracelet.*] It seems such a pity to divide so nice a pair.

Mrs. V. I hate pairs. I can't get this off, the spring is so stiff.

Mr. L. Pray allow me. [*Advancing.*

Mrs. V. No. [*Aside.*] Perhaps I'd better. It 'll be more awkward still if I call Cranston. [*Aloud.*] Yes, take the thing off.

Mr. L. (*fumbling with bracelet*). The spring is very strong.

Mrs. V. Oh! now you're pinching me.

Mr. L. I'm so sorry! I really believe the bracelet doesn't want to come off.

Mrs. V. Don't be so stupid. If you can't undo it, I'll call my maid.

Mr. L. No; don't do that. There, it's off. Now I'd like to know what I'm to do with it.

Mrs. V. Give it to some one you care for.

Mr. L. But I don't know any one I care for.

Mrs. V. Then give it to some one you don't know.

Mr. L. Some one I don't know! That's absurd.

Mrs. V. Yet you tried to give it to me, whom you didn't know.

Mr. L. Yes, but I wanted to.

Mrs. V. And is there no one else you want to know?

Mr. L. No one.

Mrs. V. How lucky for you! It must be expensive trying to make acquaintances at seventy-five dollars each.

Mr. L. There are some pleasures whose value can not be estimated by money. Tell me, Mrs. Vaughan, is there not some hope of your forgiving my rash intrusion?

Mrs. V. I will endeavor to do so.

Mr. L. Oh, thank you.

Mrs. V. On one condition.

Mr. L. What is it? I accept it in advance.

Mrs. V. That you never seek to repeat your offense.

Mr. L. (*sadly*). Then how shall I know if you succeed in your effort to forgive me?

Mrs. V. (*after a little pause*). You might possibly get Clementine to bring you here, and *then* I could tell you.

Mr. L. You'd admit me then?

Mrs. V. I couldn't refuse to admit her cousin, if *she* brought him.

Mr. L. I'll get her down to the city as soon as possible.

Mrs. V. Don't be in any hurry. A month hence will be time enough.

Mr. L. A month!

Mrs. V. Yes, a month and four days. I do not care to receive till my year of mourning is up.

Mr. L. (*going*). *Au revoir*, then, Mrs. Vaughan. In a month and five days I shall call for your forgiveness.

SERGEANT PLUNKETT.

On the afternoon of December 13, 1862, a brigade of the Union army swept in a hopeless charge upon the Confederate position on Marye's Hill, just back of Fredericksburg. A terrible fire from the hill rained upon the advancing column. Color-Sergeant **Joseph H. Collins**, of the Twenty-first Massachusetts Regiment, fell mortally wounded. The national flag fell with him, and the storming column passed over it, trampling it under foot. Young Sergeant **Thomas Plunkett**, of the Twenty-first, had been ordered, with others, to move in the rear of the line to prevent straggling from the ranks. He saw the flag fall, and marked the spot where it fell. As he came up to it he threw down his gun, caught up the flag, and rushed with it to the front of the line. The Confederates beheld the resurrection of the banner, and directed a terrible fire upon it. Its folds were ripped with bullets; the staff was splintered; a bullet passed through Sergeant **Plunkett**'s cap. Still the flag flew, and it remained in advance of the line up to the furthest point which it was fated that the storming battalion should reach. At that point a shell from Marye's Hill burst just in front of the colors. A fragment of the shell struck Sergeant **Plunkett**'s right arm near the shoulder, almost severing it, struck then a book which he had buttoned under his coat, tearing it to pieces, and, glancing, cut almost through his left arm at the wrist. He fell upon the flag, and the stains of his blood are visible upon it to-day. He was carried from the field, and both his arms were amputated. The book which turned aside the fragment of the shell was a description of the White Sulphur Springs, which he had picked up in Fredericksburg that morning.

Sergeant **Plunkett** died at his home in Worcester, Massachusetts, on the 10th of the present month, at the age of forty-four. He left a widow and two sons, who are well provided for. He was rewarded for his bravery by numerous gifts and by a full pension, and had been for many years, and up to the time of his death, employed as a messenger in the State-house at Boston. It was told of him that he was very proud of the provision which he was able to make for his family, and that he spoke of it as follows a short time before he died: "The day I was married," he said, "when I was walking out of church with my wife, I overheard some women say that they would never have married a man with no arms. Then I determined that my wife should never suffer for want of anything, if it was possible for me to get it for her. We had about $7000 that was given me before we were married, and we lived carefully. Now I own real estate in Worcester, and I have got in all over $20,000."

THE WISCONSIN LOGGERS.

The big timber belt of northern Wisconsin is a region full of charm. The men who do the logging are Spartans in one way, but not in another. They eat well and they drink well. They tire themselves with working at the logs, exhilarate themselves by the pursuit of game, and regale themselves as well as men do in the effete communities. City men, accustomed to ease and luxuries, love to get among them. The ease to which the men of the town are used is not rudely broken in the Wisconsin woods. They refrain from taking a hand at the logs, and it would be better to say that they comfortably wait for game than that they vicariously pursue it. One of the sections of Mr. **Graham**'s picture shows a deer-box, built upon a tree, and with decent steps leading up to it. These boxes are placed in runways, which are everywhere, one of the most celebrated crossing the railroad track. It is no hardship to sit in a deer-box and shoot a deer when he comes along. And then there is the varied feeding and the comprehensive drinking, quite famous in these primeval woods.

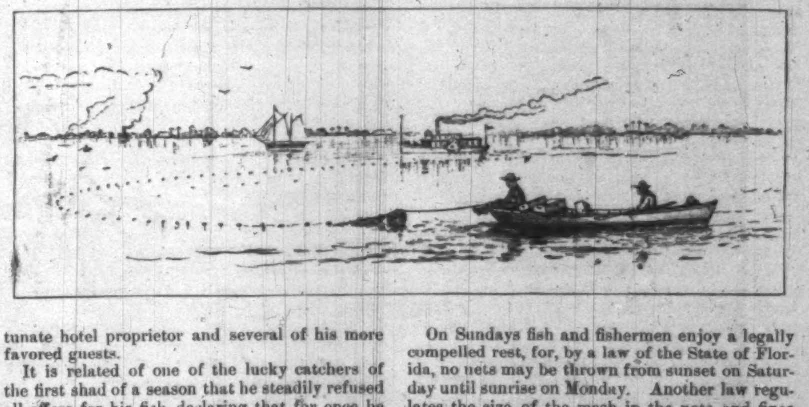
The town of Fifield, on the Wisconsin Central Railroad, is the centre of the logging district. Go a hundred miles to the east or to the west of it and you will not find a village or a town—nothing but woods. You know when you get to Fifield that you have reached a logging district. The station platform, the floors of houses, everything that is under foot, is full of holes. They are made by the spikes worn in the boot soles of the loggers. All the flooring in logging towns is rapidly spiked to shreds, and must be frequently renewed.

The huts of the loggers are built of logs, and are very warm and comfortable. The horses are of the best breed. The iron runners on the sledges are polished and smooth as glass. Perhaps the hardest work that the loggers have to do comes when a jam occurs on the Chippewa River. To loosen up a jam is a job of log-rolling that might baffle a Legislature.

SHAD-FISHING IN FLORIDA.

In New York shad suggests spring, April showers, and May blossoms; but in Florida the name evokes visions of the Christmas holidays and a great influx of winter tourists, who appear about the time that this fish begins to run in the St. John's. This magnificent river offers the most southerly spawning-ground for the toothsome "shod," as the negro fishermen call them, and they begin to run up its broad channel in December. From then until the end of March, when the season is legally closed, is the harvest-time of the dusky fishers.

The first fish is quickly taken to Jacksonville, where the great hotels have standing offers of fabulous prices for it, and where it goes to the highest bidder, to be eaten, amid rejoicings, by the fortunate hotel proprietor and several of his more favored guests.



It is related of one of the lucky catchers of the first shad of a season that he steadily refused all offers for his fish, declaring that for once he and his family were "gwine hab a meal o' vittles dat none ob dem big bugs can't get wif all deir money." And, with a sublime epicureanism, he *fried* and ate his royal dish.

The nets of these Southern shad-fishers are not fastened to poles, as is the case in the Hudson and other Northern rivers, but are simply thrown into the water for a length of from half to three-quarters of a mile, and allowed to drift up or down with the tide. As the St. John's for a hundred miles up from its mouth is from one to five miles wide, nets of even this great length leave ample room for the river craft to pass without touching them.

Each boat carries two men, and is provided with three wooden trays, in which the nets are neatly and carefully laid, with the iron rings or sinkers at one end, and the wooden bobs or floats at the other. One man remains constantly at the oars, and is called the "striker," while the other attends to the throwing and drawing of the nets, and is the "boss," or captain. As soon as deep water is reached on the berth that the boat is to occupy, the "boss" begins to pay out the net from the stern, tossing the rings into the water on one side, and the floats on the other. Each tray contains two "shots," or sections of net, each of about two hundred yards in length. When the end of a "shot" is reached, another is spliced to it, and the throwing is continued until nearly a mile of net has been left behind, and its black floats bob up and down on the waves in a long, glistening line as far as the eye can see. The end of the last "shot" is marked by one of the trays, made fast to it and thrown overboard. When the net has thus been placed in position, the boat is rowed slowly back along its entire length, while the "boss" overhauls it, shaking out the kinks, and seeing that it hangs straight. Then for two or three hours the boat drifts with the tide for several miles up or down the river beside the net, while its occupants smoke, take turns in sleeping, and warn off approaching craft that might otherwise run into and seriously damage the net. The captains of all such craft, even of the big Charleston steamers, are very considerate of the fishermen's property, and though compelled by no law, they invariably turn out of their course to avoid a net, when warned of its proximity.

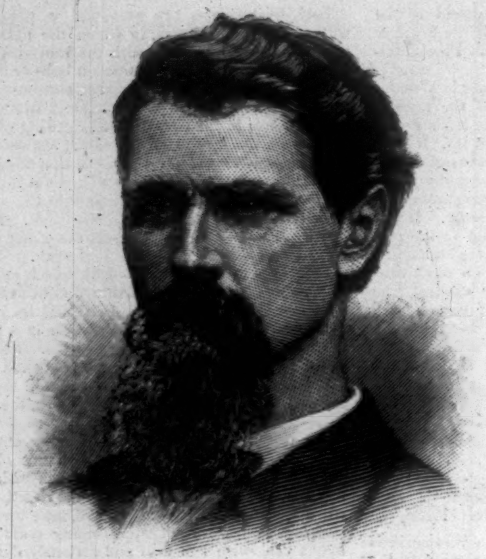
The romance of this fishing in Southern waters comes with calm, warm, moon-lit nights, when the surface of the river, like a vast black mirror, reflects the myriads of stars as steadily as though they were fixed in it, or with each motion of the boat or dip of an oar breaks into an infinity of glistening ripples that cross and recross each other as they retreat like threads and bars of molten silver. To lie at full length in the boat at such a time, watching the light wreaths of smoke curl straight upward from a pipe, and listening to the distant voices of the night, that only serve to intensify the surrounding silence, is a poem, a dream, or an idyl. The air is heavy with the perfume of jasmine and orange blossoms from the almost invisible shores. From them, too, come the tremulous calls of the little screech-owls, hidden in moss-hung coverts amid live-oak branches, the strident voices of katydids and tree-frogs, mellowed by the distance, and underlaid by the deep bass of bull-frogs, and the monotonous, all-pervading hum of insects. Above all, clear and sweet, rise the rich full notes of the mocking-bird from the scented depths of an orange grove. Near at hand occasional splashes in the water mark the leap of the silver-scaled mullet, attracted, as a moth to a candle, by the lighted lantern in the stern of the boat. Other lights, gleaming like will-o'-the-wisps over the surface of the dark waters, reveal the presence of other fishing-boats, from which come occasional snatches of song, long-drawn plaintive negro melodies, in full accord with the hour and scene.

When the drift is ended by the turn of the tide, by the net getting out of shape and assuming positions unfavorable for a catch, or by its approach to a part of the river where the water is comparatively shoal, and the bottom is covered with rocks, or "hangs," as the fishermen call them, on which it might catch and become torn, the haul is begun. Starting at the end of the net first thrown, the boat is rowed slowly along its length by the "striker," while the "boss" hauls it in over the side and stows it in the trays. The beautiful opaline shad, caught by the gills in the entangling mesh, are thrown into the bottom of the boat, and the "striker" keeps tally of their number as one after another is added to the shining heap. At length the last "shot" is hauled, and the "striker" announcing the total amount of the catch, the fishers know at once what reward they have reaped for their hours of toil, and they begin their long pull toward camp in a state of mind controlled entirely by their success or lack of it.

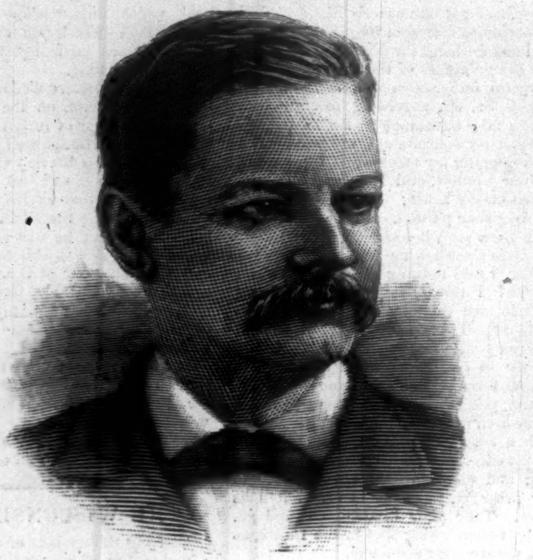
On Sundays fish and fishermen enjoy a legally compelled rest, for, by a law of the State of Florida, no nets may be thrown from sunset on Saturday until sunrise on Monday. Another law regulates the size of the mesh in the nets, and fixes it at five inches. This, however, does not wholly accomplish the purpose for which it was intended, for a five-inch mesh holds most of the female fish, big with roe, but allows the more slender males to slip through and escape.

A single haul often secures several hundred shad, for which the fishermen receive fifteen cents apiece in the Jacksonville market; but it sometimes happens that none is caught—a result that is aptly designated a "water haul." Only a small portion of the entire catch finds a local market, as most of it is shipped each day, in refrigerator cars, to the North, and especially to New York city.

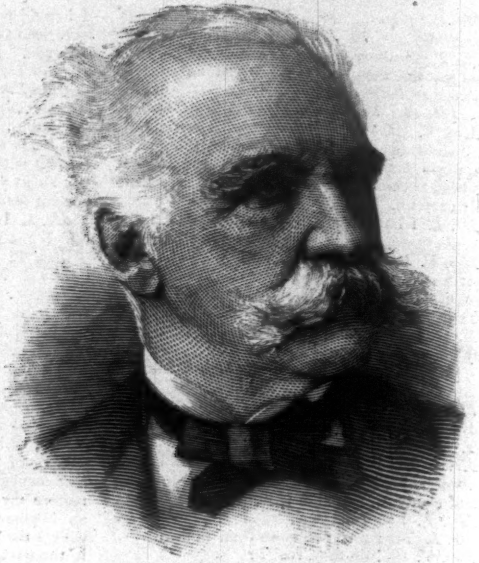
Kirk Munroe.



EX-GOVERNOR BERRY, THE NEW SENATOR FROM ARKANSAS.—PHOTO. BY BUNKER, LITTLE ROCK.—[SEE PAGE 206.]



THE LATE CHARLES W. McCUNE, OF BUFFALO. PHOTO. BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 206.]

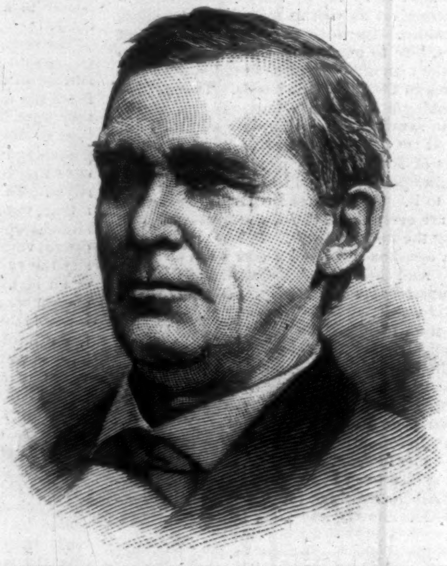


THE LATE GORDON W. BURNHAM. PHOTO. BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 206.]

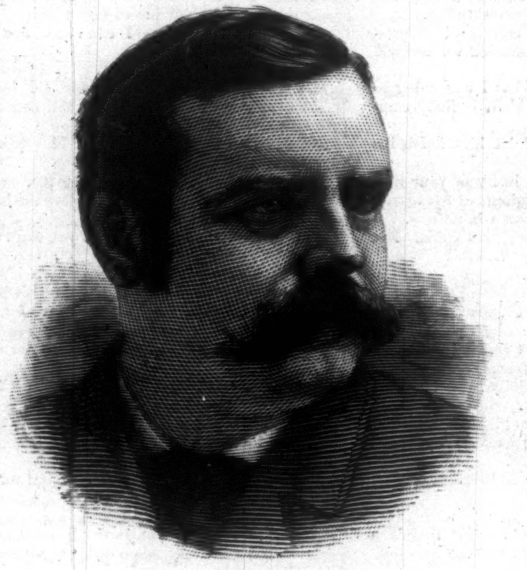
NEW BUREAU OFFICERS.

JOSEPH SAMUEL MILLER, of West Virginia, who has been confirmed as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, is a native of Cabell County, West Virginia, and is still a comparatively young man, having been born in 1848. His grandfather settled in the Valley of Virginia late in the eighteenth century. Mr. MILLER began his official life as a County Clerk in 1868. He was made Secretary of the Constitutional Convention of West Virginia in 1871, and in the following year was elected Secretary of State. In 1876 he was put in nomination for the office of Auditor, and elected, succeeding himself four years later. His Auditorship expired on March 1, and Senators GORMAN, CAMDEN, and KENNA, and Representative RANDALL, presented his name immediately for the office of Commissioner of Internal Revenue. He is described as "without exception the most popular Democrat in his State."

President CLEVELAND'S appointment of MILTON J. DURHAM to be First Comptroller of the Treasury has given general satisfaction. The new incumbent is a Kentuckian who was graduated at the Louisville Law School, after a course of study in Asbury University, Illinois, and has filled important public offices with distinction. During the war he was a circuit judge in his native State, and more recently he has been a member of the Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses, serving on the committees on Revision of Laws, Banking and Currency, and Department of Justice. He is sixty-one years old, and still in his prime.

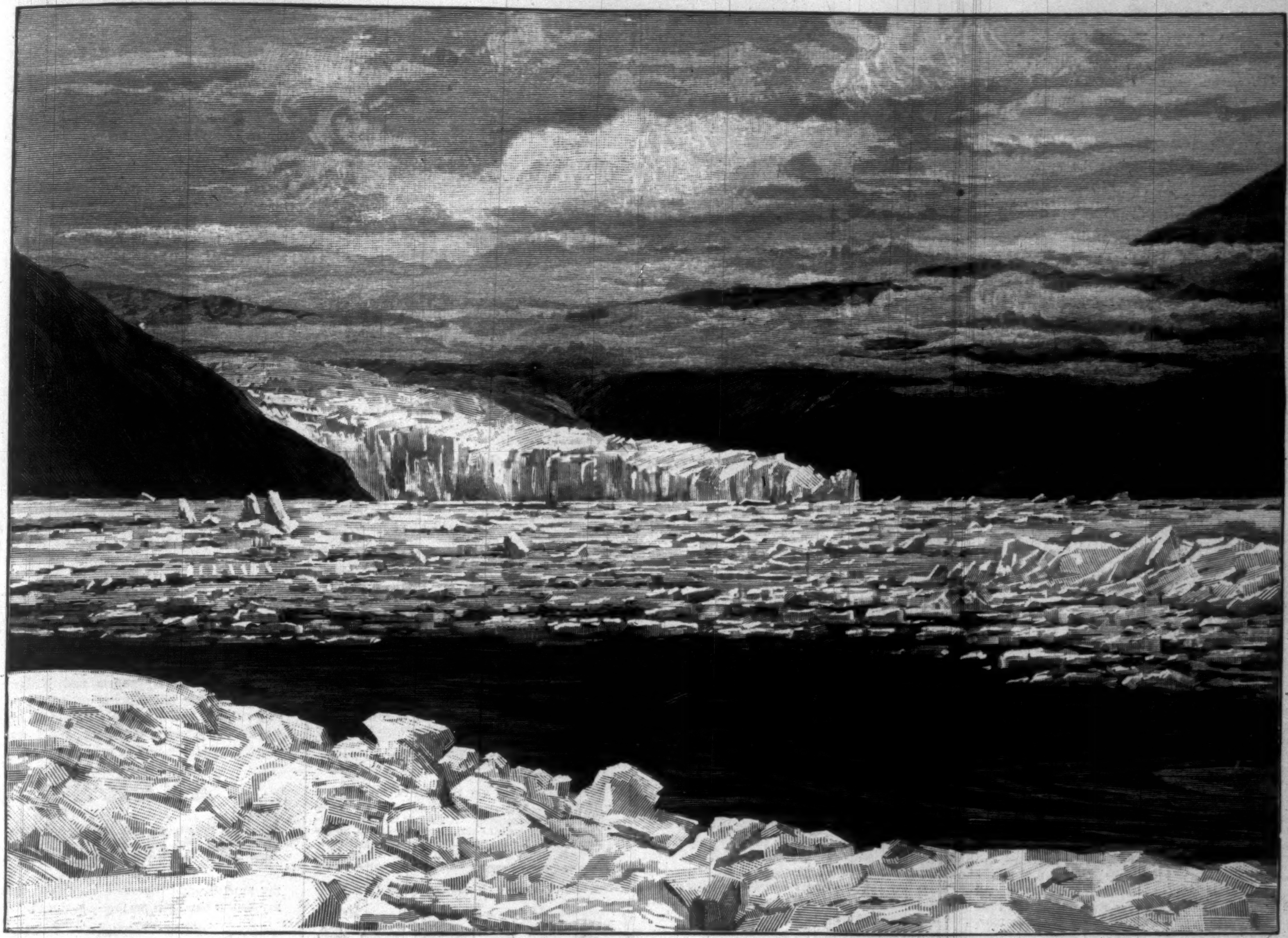


MILTON J. DURHAM, FIRST COMPTROLLER OF THE TREASURY.—PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON.

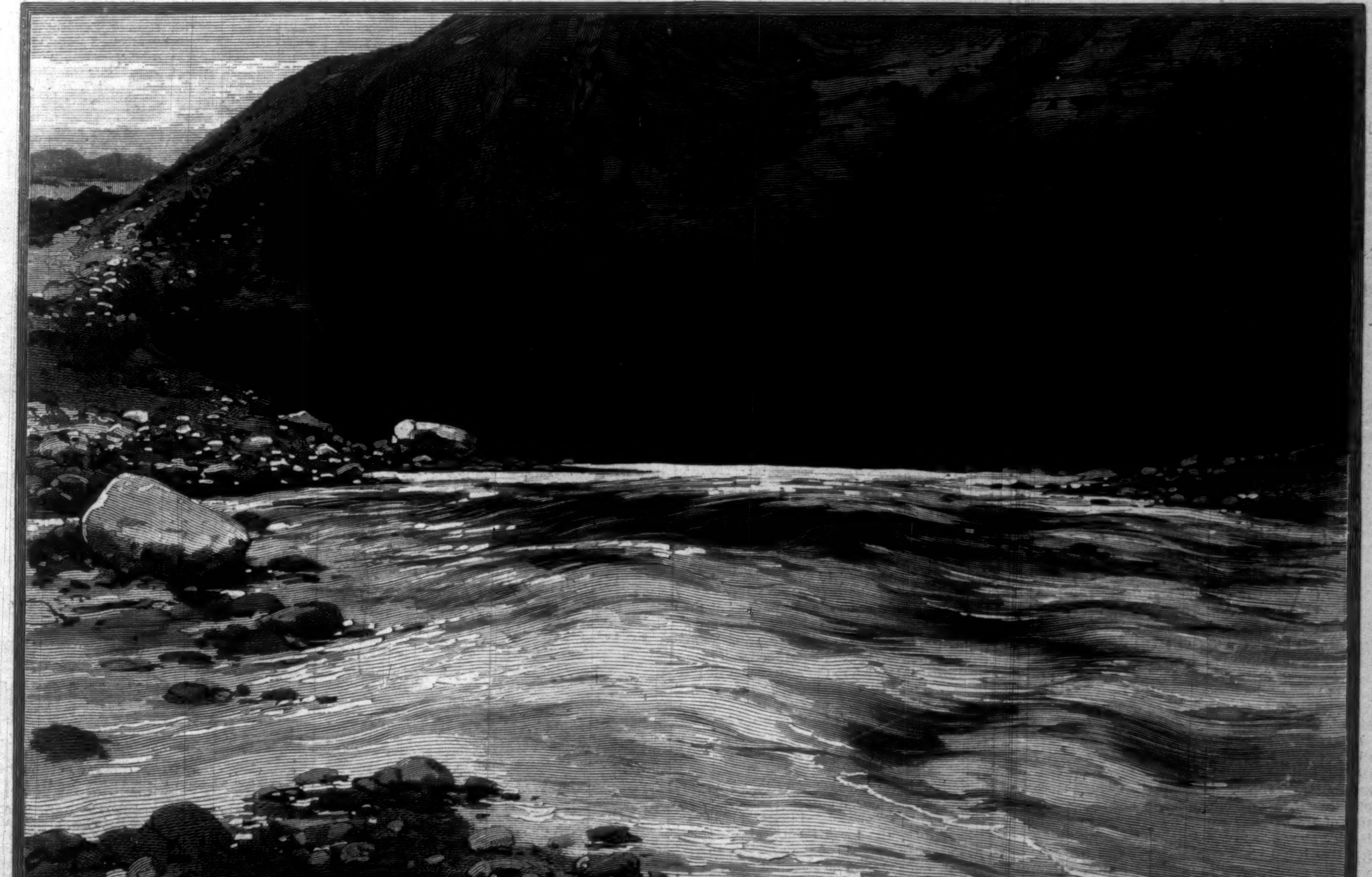


JOSEPH S. MILLER, COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE.—PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON.

SHAD-FISHING IN FLORIDA.—DRAWN BY L. W. SEAVEY.—[SEE PAGE 203.]



ALASKAN SCENERY—MIDDLE GLACIER AT YUKON, FROM ICE-FLOE.—[SEE PAGE 206.]



ALASKAN SCENERY—SUBTERRANEAN RIVER IN MUIR GLACIER.—[SEE PAGE 206.]

A LITTLE CHILD.

Down from the hill, up from the glen,
With waving flags and warlike din,
They rushed—two troops of mounted men—

The boys in blue, the boys in gray;
And they had almost met that day,
When, lo! a child stood in the way.

Its hands were filled with flow'rs; its eyes,
As clear and soft as summer skies,
Were opened wide in grave surprise.

Upon the pretty baby head
The sun a golden blessing shed.
"I want mamma," the sweet voice said.

Both captains shouted, "Halt!" The men
Reined in their eager steeds, and then
The blue leaped down, and up again,

And galloping like mad, he bore
The child he'd grasped a mile or more
Back to its mother's cottage door.

Loud rose the cheers from blue and gray
As smilingly they turned away:
There was no battle fought that day!

GORDON W. BURNHAM.

The life of Mr. **Burnham**, which began in Connecticut in 1802 and ended last week in this city, was another repetition of a story so common in this country as to be almost trite, though it would be almost incredible in any other. His first employment after leaving his father's farm was that of hostler at a country tavern. After a short service at this he betook himself to peddling, and then to making buttons, at first of wood, afterward of brass. This latter business was the beginning of one of the most prosperous manufactories in this country, and Mr. **Burnham's** share in its profits was long ago estimated at several millions. His residence was Waterbury until 1853, when he removed to New York. Both these cities have profited by his munificence and public spirit. The statue of **Daniel Webster** and the bronze group of eagles attacking a lioness, both in the Central Park, are his gifts to New York. The grounds of Trinity College, in Hartford, are embellished by a gift of Mr. **Burnham**, a statue of Bishop **Brownell**, the father of his second wife. Mr. **Burnham** was a widower at the time of his death, and leaves children by both marriages.

ALASKAN GLACIERS.

The glaciers of Switzerland are pigmies compared with those of Alaska. The Muir Glacier is one of seven which flow into Glacier Bay. The boundaries of this Alaskan river of ice, at the point where it meets the bay, are ten miles apart. Between these boundaries, which are mountains, moves slowly the icy mass, which is constantly forced down by the weight of the accumulations on mountains far above—mountains lying in the regions of perpetual cold. The measured flow of these icy streams has been going on for centuries, and their ceaseless movement has worn the rocky gorges in which they run wider and deeper. Great bowlders which their force has broken off, rocks which they have crushed into small pieces or pulverized, and all manner of débris ride upon their surface and darken it, so that the line of their flow is strongly marked amid the surrounding stretches of driven snow. The Muir Glacier and the other great glaciers of Alaska are hundreds of feet in depth. As they pass down beyond the region of perpetual cold they feel the influence of a higher temperature. Water runs from them into crevices and caverns, and flows under the glaciers, accumulating until it reaches to the magnitude of rivers, which discharge themselves in boiling and muddy mass into the sea. The sea-water is frequently discolored for miles by the inflowing of these subterranean streams.

CHARLES W. McCUNE.

Mr. **McCune**, who has been since the death of Mr. **Joseph Warren**, in 1876, the head of the Courier Company in Buffalo, and the responsible director of the two journals, the *Courier* and the *Republic*, published by that company, died in Buffalo, March 14, at the age of fifty-three. He began his business life in New York as a clerk for A. T. **Stewart** in 1847. In 1874 he went to Buffalo to become the manager of the Courier Company. Mr. **McCune** has been twice married, and his widow is the bride of a few months.

During Mr. **McCune's** administration the *Courier* has fully maintained the standing for ability, dignity, and fairness which it won under the conduct of Mr. **Warren**. It has probably been more effective than any other single agency, except that of Mr. **Cleveland's** own character, in securing his elevation to the Presidency, constituting itself as it did his special champion in the canvass for the Democratic nomination to the Governorship of New York in 1882.

Mr. **McCune** was not technically a journalist, since he neither wrote nor in detail edited the newspapers which he controlled. The spirit in which he exercised his control was described by Mr. **O'Connor**, the managing editor of the *Courier*, at a meeting of the employés of the Courier Company, held to take action upon Mr. **McCune's** death, as follows: "In my own relations with Mr. **McCune** as a newspaper man I can say frankly I never knew an individual who had so great a share of that controlling power over public opinion which is given to the owner of a newspaper, who was so conscientious in the use of it. In all my connection with him he has never asked me to give expression to his personal pique, or to seek to forward his personal interest, in the columns of the *Courier*. He always aimed to make the paper the organ of the public, the servant of good causes, and the agent in noble achievements. If in the course of business or in the course of political contests there was any occasion upon which he himself was brought before the public, he never required the *Courier* to come forward and take a share in the attack and defense merely because he was concerned in it. If a man was brought before the community in any way who had been to him mean and malicious—and there were men who at different times were unjustly and senselessly hostile to him—he never required the *Courier* to treat such a person as his private enemy, but always to consider him from the public stand-point, and with a view to public interests. To be fair and just, and let the consequences be what they might, was the commission under which the *Courier* always sailed."

SENATOR GARLAND'S SUCCESSOR.

Mr. **Garland's** successor in the Arkansas Senatorship is Mr. **James H. Berry**, who was elected by the Legislature of that State on the fifth joint ballot, receiving 72 votes to 17 for his chief competitor, Mr. **Newton**, 62 votes being necessary to a choice. The new Senator is an ex-Confederate soldier who lost a leg at the battle of Corinth, Mississippi, and found himself at the close of the war without financial resources. Fortune, however, smiled upon resolution and ability, even when fate seemed to be dead against them; and the next year Mr. **Berry** was sent by his fellow-citizens to the State Senate, where, after two re-elections, he was made Speaker of the Assembly. In politics he has long been considered a sagacious adviser, with excellent administrative and executive gifts; and three years ago, when he became Governor of Arkansas, his popular majority was not far from 30,000. He may justly adopt the language of his predecessor, Mr. **Garland**: "I was placed in the Senate by a most singular indorsement of our people. The field is large, broad, and an honorable one too. As Governor of Arkansas I had to pass through some of the very matters that will beset Mr. **Cleveland**, and I know where some of the snags and clouds are. The almost oneness with which I have been indorsed is quite touching to me, and is a treasure at least to be kept and valued."

THE SNAKE-CHARMER OF TANGIER.

As special artist of **Harper's Weekly** in northern Africa, Mr. J. W. **Alexander**, the well-known painter, has reproduced a piquant and instructive reminiscence of the market-place in Tangier. The snake-charmer is really no charmer at all, nor do the people consider him as such; all the fangs of the reptiles have been removed before the show begins, and the whole thing is a farce, so far as concerns any special influence over poisonous serpents. Nevertheless, he tries hard not to be bitten, and when Mr. **Alexander** saw him the effort had not been successful. One of the beasts had fastened its teeth into his arm, and as the blood coursed down there was considerable wincing. Presently the snake wound itself again around the charmer's arm, and stuck its tongue out at him. He touched the tongue with his own, but held the reptile's head so far away that it could not injure him by darting.

Meanwhile the charmer chants in monotonous strains, keeping his long, semi-transparent white scarf moving about him, and acting as if life depended upon his skill in thwarting the malign designs of the snakes. The musicians in front of him beat their tambourines and thrum their long fiddles of dried skin, and the stolid spectators, some of them women with faces half covered, the rest men of various sorts—Arabs, Turks, Jews, and full-blooded negroes—toss into a tambourine their contributions of bronze coins, two handfuls of which are equal in value to an American ten-cent piece. A story-teller succeeds the charmer, and then comes another charmer. The lazy crowd, whose means of subsistence are past finding out, have nothing to do but sit and see and listen.

Sometimes a fight occurs in the ranks, but the crowd always sides with the victors. Our artist and his friend were beset on one occasion by an insolent fellow, who shoved himself between them and against them, much to the amusement of the by-standers. The two Americans, however, picked him up and threw him over the heads of the people upon some snakes that were lying beyond. He yelled as if frightened to death, and the crowd pelted him while he ran down-hill and made his escape.

It was in this very market-place that **Fortuny** found some of his most interesting subjects; and the trees near by often afforded grateful shade to poor **Regnault**, who loved them. Mr. **Alexander** has caught the spirit of the scene as an artist feels it, and although he travelled many miles through the adjoining territory, it was in the market-place of Tangier that both he and **Fortuny** discovered the most characteristic features of North African life. His fine studio in New York city abounds in souvenirs of that eventful journey—tambourines, fiddles, fezes, trousers a yard and a half wide, reddish-orange robes of Jews, white outer garments of Mohammedans. His oil-portraits show an admirable sense of color and a subtle draughtsmanship.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "Horsford's" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.—[*Adv.*]

COUNTERFEITING A VALUABLE ARTICLE.

The publisher of the *Madison County Record* writes from Huntsville, Ark., as to the effect of Brown's Iron Bitters on his wife. Mr. Dougherty says, "My wife has been using the Bitters for some months; the effect in her case is remarkable." He also writes that owing to counterfeits and imitations, it was difficult to get the genuine article. That difficulty has now been remedied; imitators have been exposed and put to flight. There, as elsewhere, Brown's Iron Bitters can be had of all the respectable druggists at a dollar a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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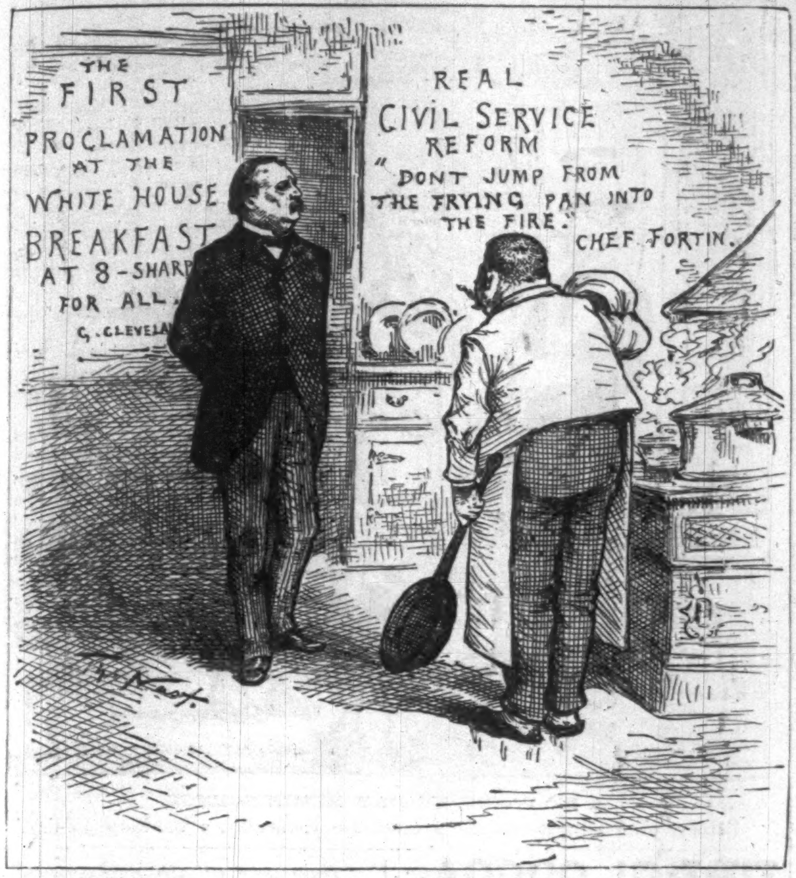
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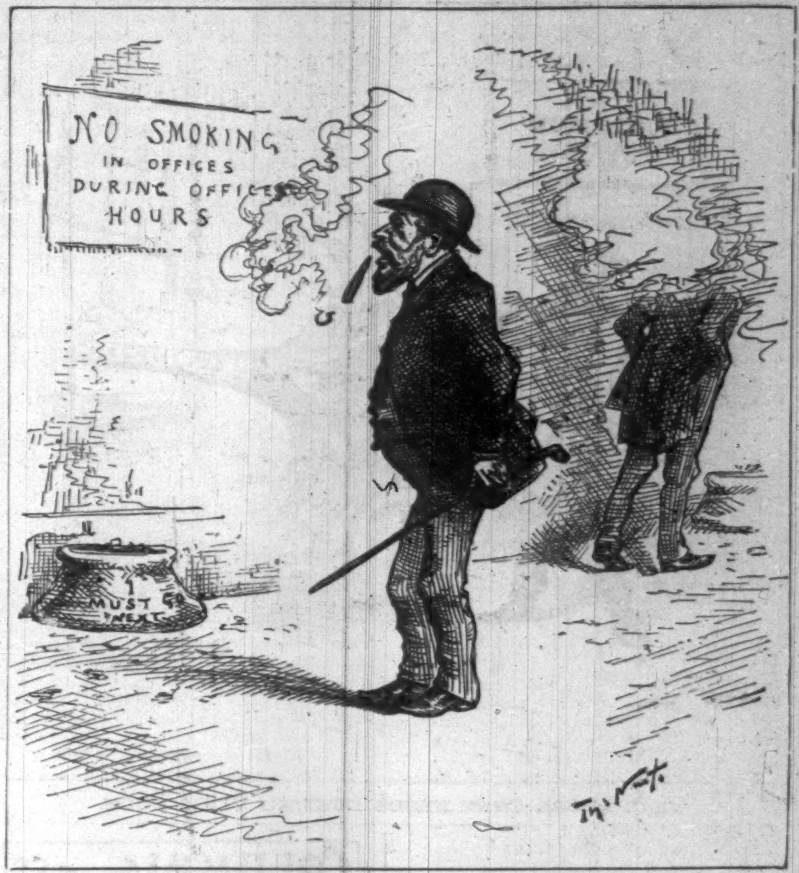
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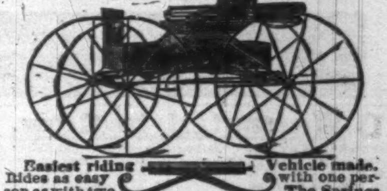

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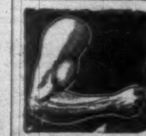

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